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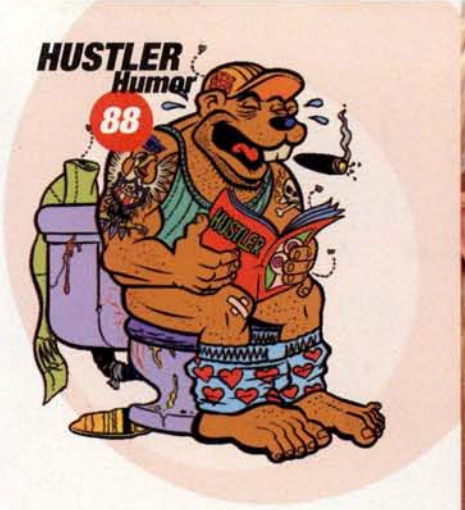

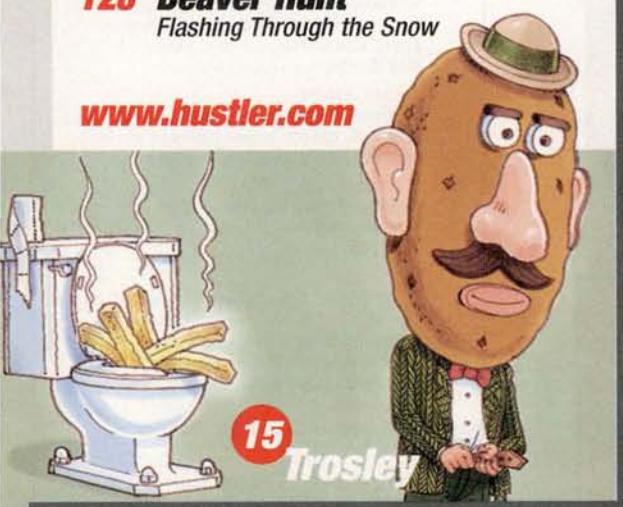

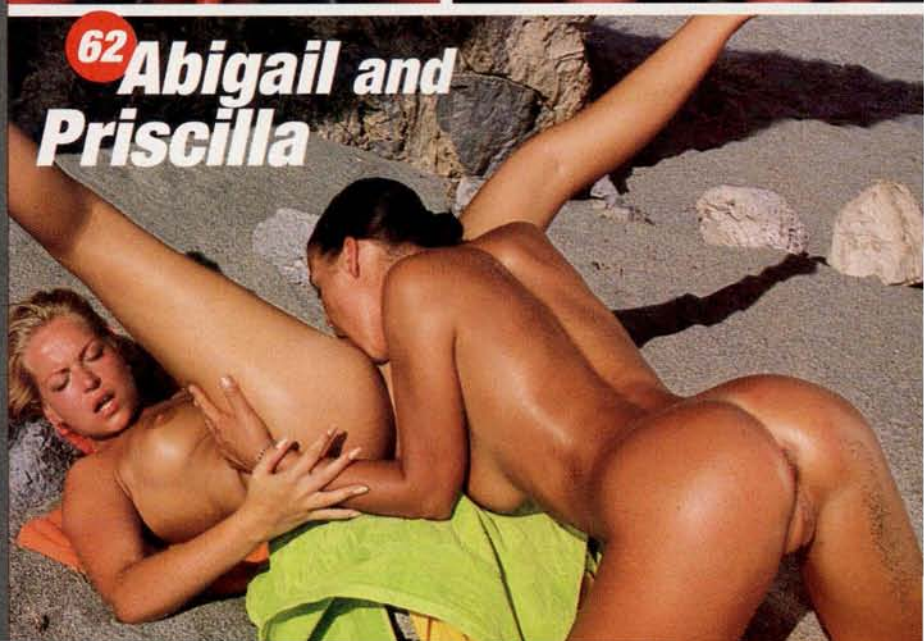

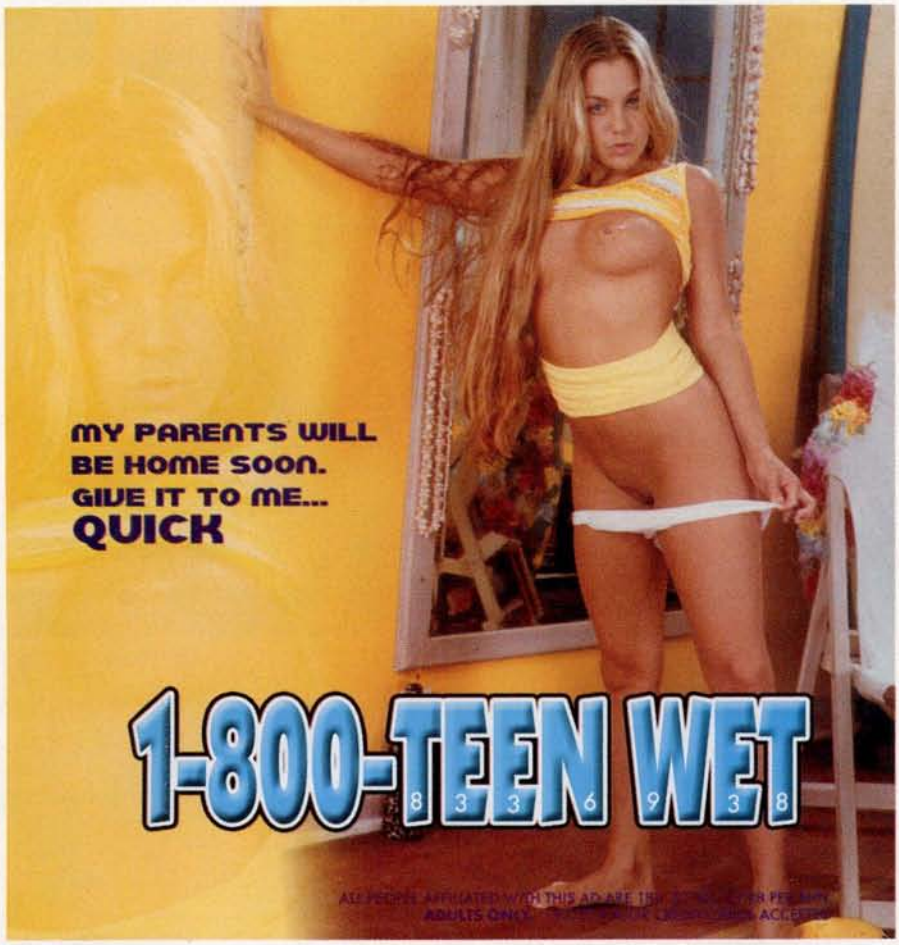

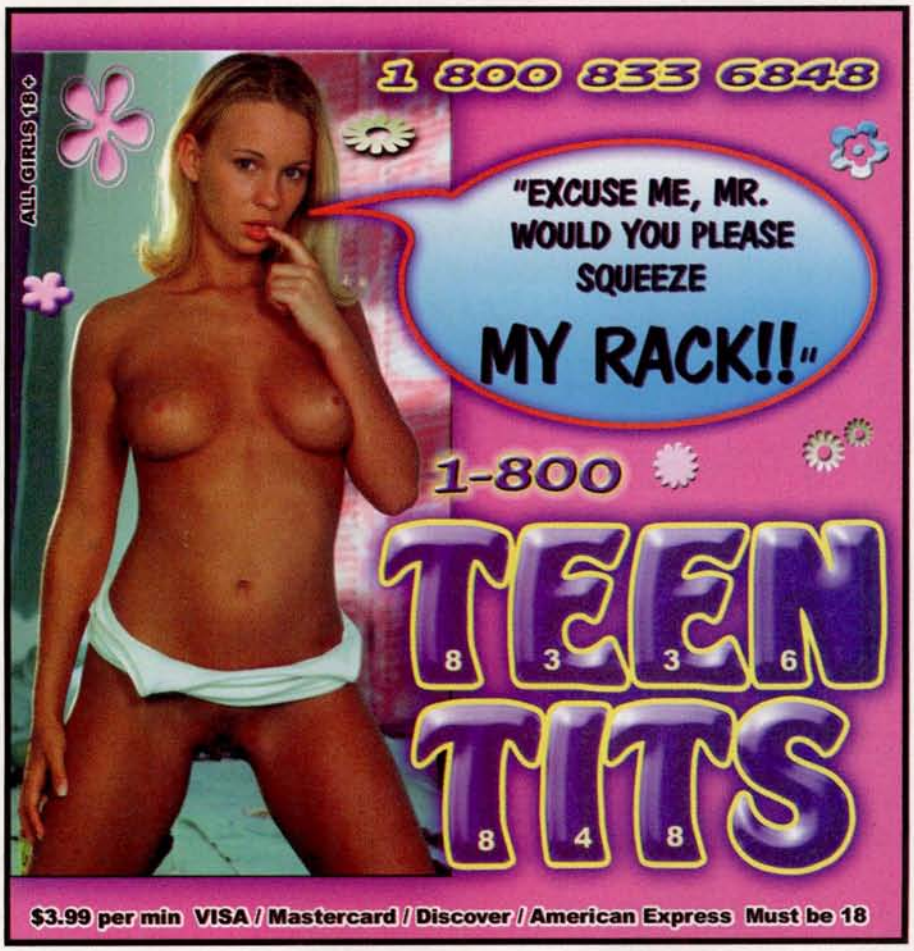

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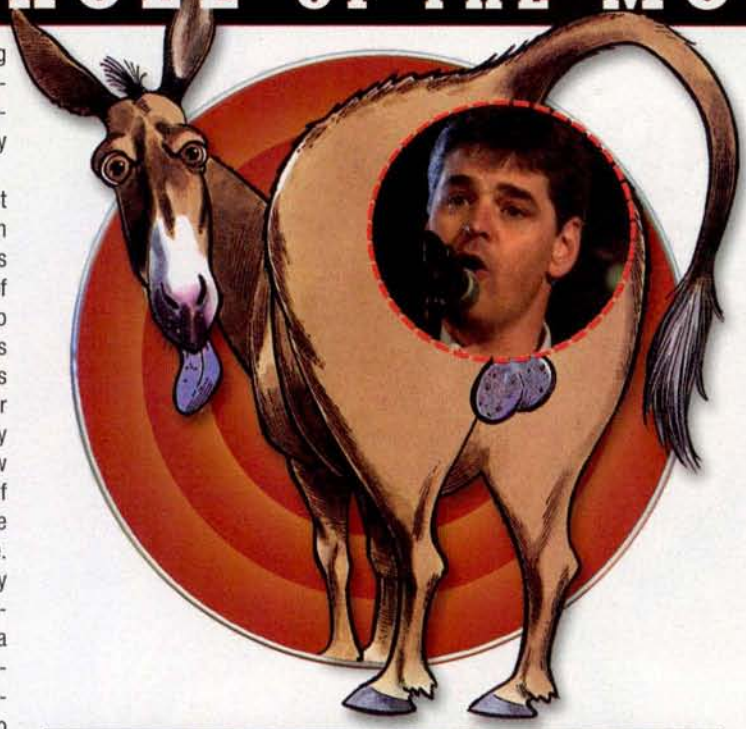
Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



SEAN HANNITY

Sean Hannity, media balking head, befouler of political discourse, and gleeful peddler of divisiveness, is HUSTLER's Holiday 2002 Asshole of the Month.

Hannity's first resonant poot occurred as a talk-radio deejay in Atlanta, where news accounts remember him bringing "a breath of fresh rancor to the local radio scene," perhaps because of his suggestion that Oscar attendees should wear blue ribbons to honor the L.A. cops who beat Rodney King. Moving his hate shtick to New York, Hannity distinguished himself as a Grade-A antagonist during the Abner Louima police brutality case. Shithead Sean inflamed an already volatile situation by branding tortured Haitian immigrant Louima "a liar" and insisting that accused officer Justin Volpe was being railroaded, until Volpe pleaded guilty to forcibly ramming a broken broomstick up Louima's rectum.

Hannity reserves his shittiest assaults for Fox News Network's *Hannity and Colmes*. As the program's conservative "moderator," Hannity ably restrains productive dialogue, mistaking volume for accuracy, propaganda for reason and boorish interruption for debate skill. Shrieking Sean justifies his caustic approach to right-wing advocacy by claiming, "God lets me know that we're right."

How is it, then, that Hannity consistently spews such an unholy mire of falsehoods and hypocrisy? Skimming Inanity Hannity's proclamations is like taking a dip in a cesspool, only twice as murky and malodorous. Sean rails against excessive "liberal" government spending, but lauds Ronald Reagan, whose presidential tenure marked record deficit expansion. He condemns the "arrogance" with which "liberals know better than the people what's best for them," yet proclaims, "I know in my heart that if people lived a conservative life...we'd be a happier country." Ex-President Clinton is abhorrent for having "lied under oath," but Oliver North, convicted of document destruction and aiding the obstruction of a Congressional inquiry, is "honorable and patriotic."

"We should find adultery intolerable in our midst, and especially among our political leaders," Hannity blusters.

Officeholders that Sean has praised include Henry Hyde, Newt Gingrich and Rudy Giuliani, all of whom have a record of adultery.

Somehow, through this morass of ethical schizophrenia, Hannity finds the temerity to claim, "the Left embraces moral relativism with an arrogant tenacity."

Not content to sully broadcast media, Hannity has scribbled a tome of his feeble dribblings, the cover of which features the author bearing the tight-lipped smirk of a glory-hole queen with a mouthful of freshly felched semen.

The contents are even less savory. Exploiting the national tragedy of September 11 for cheap-jack partisanship, the bullshit bard opines that Clinton should have sent "a covert team over to the Middle East to take out Bin Laden." Clinton did, in fact, authorize such a mission, but such facts clash with Hannity's ideology.

Turning his browneye to last summer's "under God" uproar, Hannity blasts, "the Democratic party in America is the party against the Pledge of Allegiance." This blanket condemnation conveniently ignores the near-unanimous Senate and Congress resolutions to retain the "under God" language, which he cites eight pages later as proof of the ruling's unpopularity.

Hannity resuscitates the canard that "Clinton seemingly blamed the vicious terrorist attacks on you and me and all Americans" during a November 2001 speech at Georgetown University. This claim, initially made by the *Washington Times,* was immediately debunked as "appallingly slanted." Not only has Hannity revived the known falsehood, but he notably fails to lambaste Jerry Falwell, who actually did blame Americans for the WTC and Pentagon attacks.

Much like any plague, Hannity fever is infesting the nation. Some masochists even suggest that he enter politics. Though his shit-heel credentials qualify him for public office, Sean is much too modest.

"I don't seek a lot of attention," blushes Hannity, who has pursued a career path calculated to push him into public consciousness.

Sean Hannity may or may not crave notoriety, but he has assured his eternal renown as an Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Steven Feldman: As defense attorney for David Westerfield, who was convicted of murdering seven-year-old Danielle van Dam, Feldman sought to deflect attention from the DNA evidence against his client by blaming the grieving parents' "sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll lifestyle" for their daughter's death. Feldman's lurid courtroom grandstanding failed to exonerate Westerfield, but it is proof that his counsel is an Asshole.

Jeb Bush: In August, Florida Governor Bush nominated Jerry Regier to head the state's deeply troubled Department of Children and Families. Shortly thereafter, news broke that Regier was the stated author of two articles, which defend "biblical spankings" that lead to bruises and welts, and condemn marriages between Christians and non-Christians. Jeb attributed the resultant public outcry to a "soft bigotry that is emerging against people of faith," reaffirming his status as an Assholy roller.

Holiday Sin

HUSTLER is a global enterprise, with editions of the magazine tapping eager beavers across the North American, Asian, European, African and Australian continents. When longtime subscriber and arctic mogul S. Claus offered Larry Flynt the chance to bring his baby to a whole new market, it was a Christmas wish come true. Here now is an exclusive first look at a magazine sure to roast your chestnuts.

Bits & Pieces
Deerhole of the Six Months
Peter Fucking Cottontail just can't stay in his own patch. All the while this notorious shit smear was hurling allegations of sexual misconduct at St. Patrick, he was having his tail fluffed by a former intern, who has finally come clean about Little Bunny Poo-Poo's corrupting fecal stench. "We did it like rabbits," the intern testified before a subcommittee. "I'd nibble his carrot, then we would thump around." Even the Bunny's wife, Florence, admitted to reporters that her husband would often come home late at night "smelling like cedar" and that she found suspicious wood shavings while brushing out his pelt. Typically, when the world asks, "What's doc?" the Easter P finally finds one can stay in.
HUSTLE
WINTER 2002
VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS
HOLIDAY CHEER OR MENTAL DISORDER?
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Yes, Virginia, Santa Is a Slave Driver

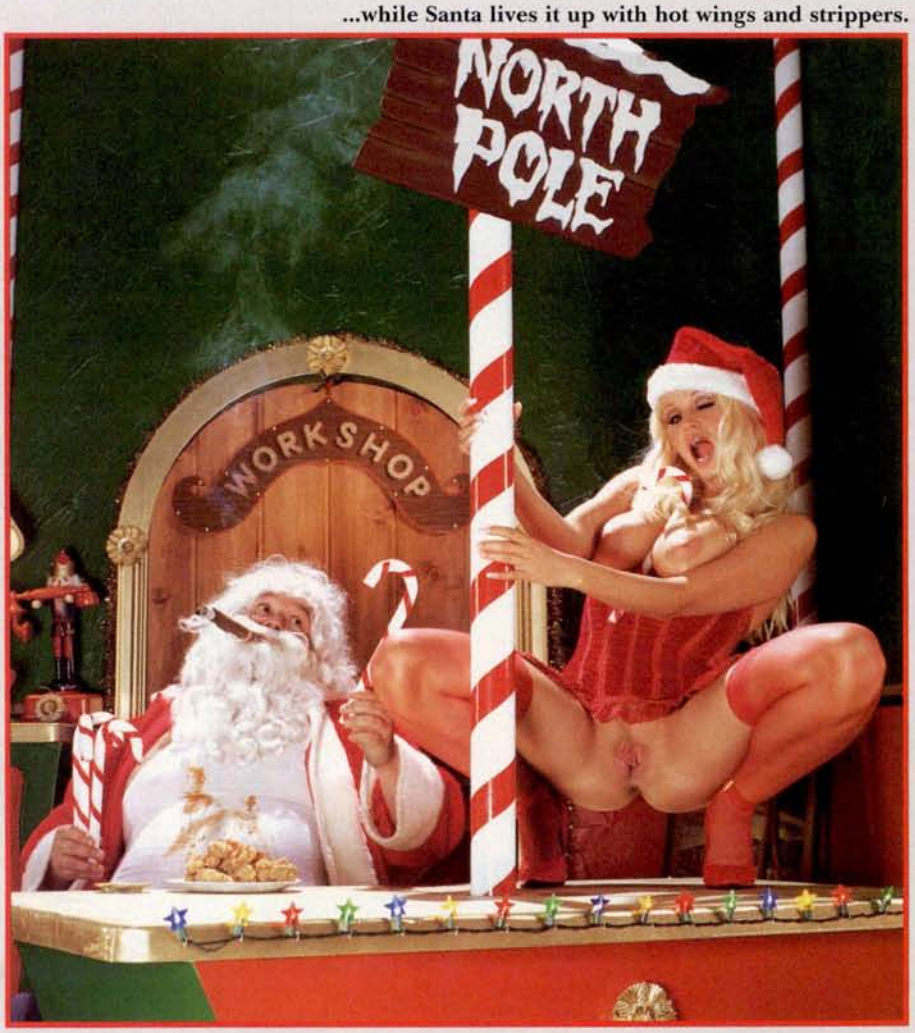
No (X-) Mas!

Santa's Village, North Pole (Associated Presents)—To the world, it is known as Santa's Village. To the elves who labor here, however, it has become the "village of the damned." Through innocent eyes, the colorfully lettered sign reading "Toy Workshop" conjures up images of little helpers working happily to create toys for all the world's children, but that is not the reality. "These aren't workshops," says labor organizer Jimmy Elffa. "These are sweatshops. Elves have been taking it up the ass from Santa for centuries. Now that he's gone global—we're delivering presents on Jewish, Hindu and Arab holidays, plus Kwanza—he expects us to work four times as hard without fair and festive compensation." Calls to Santa Claus were not immediately returned. However, his attorneys at Comet, Cupid, Donder and Blitzen issued the following statement: "Mr. Claus is sensitive to the needs of his workers, and is doing everything possible to resolve this situation. Also, start selling your stock in his company. He feels an Enron coming on."

An elves union stages a rally outside the palatial Claus estate...

Here, workers are chained to their toy station. This photo depicting the abhorrent working conditions in the Claus sweatshops was smuggled out of the North Pole in a St. Bernard's ass.

...while Santa lives it up with hot wings and strippers.



Jesus Christ talks about His first time.

JESUS: So I'm walking through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It's hot as hell—trust me; I know. My posse and I finally arrive at this wedding. Do you believe they had a cash bar? I know people think us Jews are cheap, but shit, man, it's a wedding.

INTERVIEWER: And the cash bar prompted you to—

JESUS: I'm getting to it! Calm down, you fucking Philistine.

INTERVIEWER: Forgive me.

JESUS: Fine. I bless you, yadda yadda, shazam, you're forgiven. As I was saying, my first time was with the Apostles.

INTERVIEWER: All of them?

JESUS: Yeah. Then the whole wedding party joined in!

INTERVIEWER: Jesus Christ!

JESUS: What?

INTERVIEWER: I just can't imagine, you, the Apostles, an entire wedding party...for your first time?

JESUS: Well, we were all thirsty.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, my God. Are you telling me—

JESUS: That was the first time I ever changed water into wine.

INTERVIEWER: Oh.

JESUS: Don't tell me you thought that I, that we all—

INTERVIEWER: Well—

JESUS: Never mind. Hey, did I ever tell you about the time I turned the entire Red Sea into wine?

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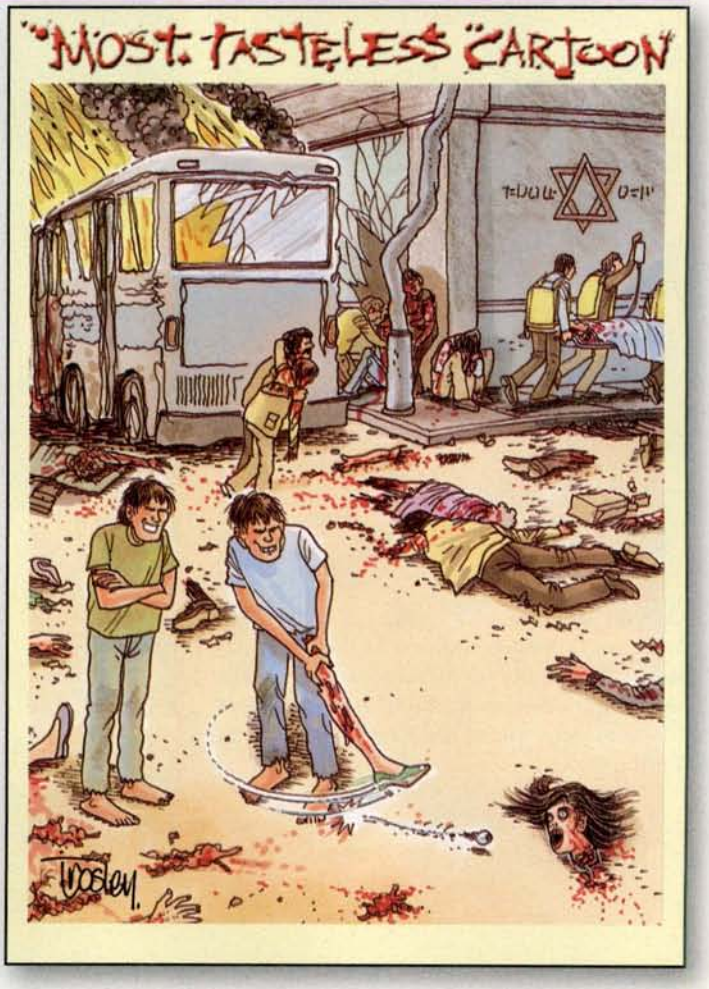

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HOLLY & IVY: FUR TRIM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GINGER BREADMAN

"What did Santa bring me last night?" Holly wonders. The imp squeals with delight at the sight of "a new friend! And a shiny new toy to share with my friend." Ivy climbs out of her stocking perch and says devilishly, "Pound me with your mini-meat!" "Hold your reindeer," Holly demands gently. "After all, we have the whole day ahead of us." Ivy obliges after noticing a dripping candle. "Well, my elfin tight-ass," Ivy lilts, "do you suppose it's too early to wax poetic?"

THE AGONY, ECSTASY & NUDITY OF MRS. CLAUS

Santa's wife likes peppermint on her patty.

When Kris Kringle became Santa Claus centuries ago, his wife, Krispy Kringle, became the center of mass attention and curiosity. Mrs. Claus drew worldwide admiration that a young Jacqueline Bouvier would have died for.

These photos, taken from a global-positioning satellite, candidly expose Frau Claus playfully making snow angels, showing that she does have a pot to piss in, and making a special treat for all the little people.

For the first time, HUSTLER North Pole presents this nude profile of the world's best-known matron, and perhaps the one most in need of a lay.

Naked Proof of why she is the First Lady of Santa's Pole. **Below:** Snow angel or snow devil? Frau Claus's yellow fun turns into tricky elfin treats.

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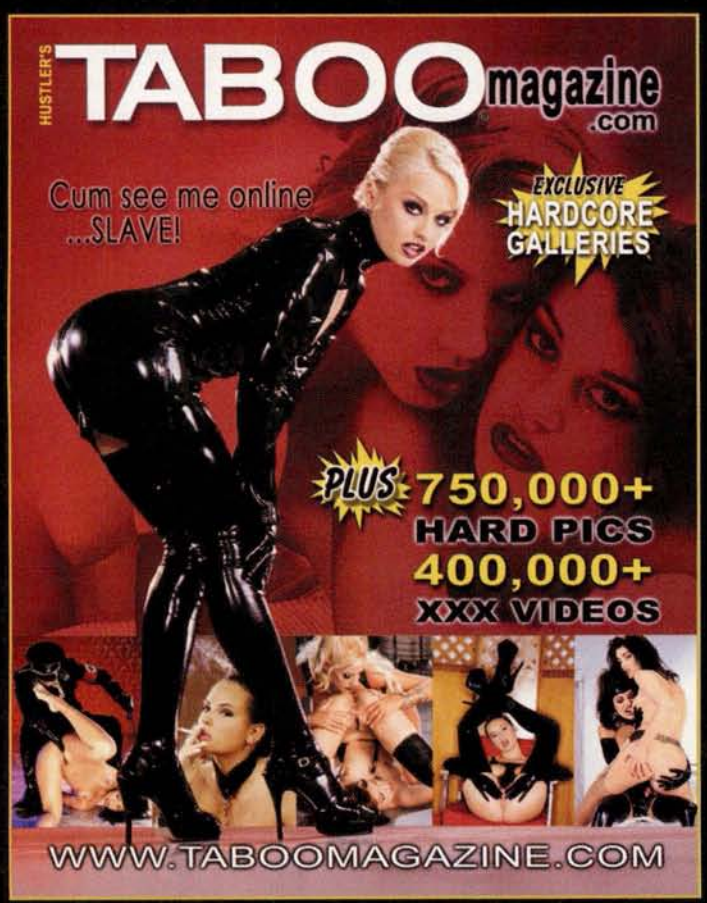
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Feedback

Stuck on Cindy

This month's covergirl, Cindy (Cindy & Robbie: Switch-Team Player, November HUSTLER), is gorgeous! It's nice to see a girl with a little meat on her bones and a healthy patch of pubes. As much as I dug Cindy's shapely body, I have to say that her most striking feature is her face. What a looker! I can't wait to see that babe again. —E. B.
Pacific Grove, California

A Welcome Kink

My girlfriend and I were really surprised by the bondage pictures in the November 2002 HUSTLER (Joey and Flame: Big Sister). Those hot lezzies turned my lover on so much that she asked me to tie her up and make love to her. We had a beautiful night thanks to you. Let's see more tied-up tramps in future issues. —B. R.
via Internet

Will do, B.R. If you dig the look of bound babes, you'll love TABOO, our kinky sister magazine. Call (800) 566-5760 to subscribe.

Nice Advice

I just wanted to let Jeanna Fine know that I really enjoyed her responses to Dear Slut letters in the August and September issues of HUSTLER. I love that Jeanna is, like me, a realist and not the least bit prudish. I grew up with an older mother who refused to admit that women could possibly crave sex as much as men. My mother's stance on the subject drove me crazy for a long time, not only because I knew it was wrong, but because she defended her position so vehemently. I can't tell you how refreshing it is to hear Jeanna answer questions regarding far-fetched sexual practices without blinking an eye. It is healthy and enlightening to discuss sex the way Jeanna does. I wish that more people shared our attitudes and opinions toward our more primal instincts. —D. P.
via Internet

Deja Flue

The last three issues of HUSTLER have had swimming pools on the cover. What gives, guys? Running out of ideas? I know that it's the girl, not the scenery, that matters, but give me a break. It's like you guys aren't even really trying to come up with new ideas. —S. Y.
Yuma, Arizona

What can we say, S. Y.? The economy is bad. Between shots, our photographers test the pH level, skim out the leaves and brush the bottom of the pool. If things don't improve by this winter, you'll probably see our Honeys posing in front of freshly shoveled driveways.

Joey and Flame: Big Sister

CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

Ink and Pink

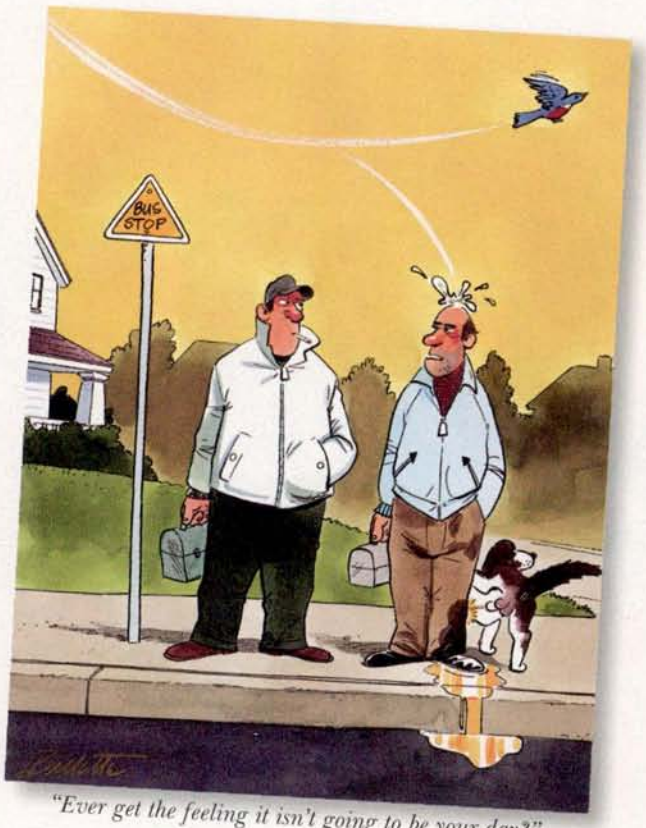
Reading the Erotic Entertainment section like I do every month, I couldn't help but notice the high percentage of porn sluts that have tattoos. As a connoisseur of both tattoos and porn, I think that HUSTLER should combine the two. How about an article about starlets and their ink? You could run lots of pictures, and perhaps the writer could determine whether the tats have any meaning to the girls or are just part of a fad, much like fake tits, plastic surgery and shaved pussies. Maybe I've put too much thought into this, but I thought I'd just run the idea past you anyway. —W. H.
Coralville, Iowa

Illiterate Nitpicker

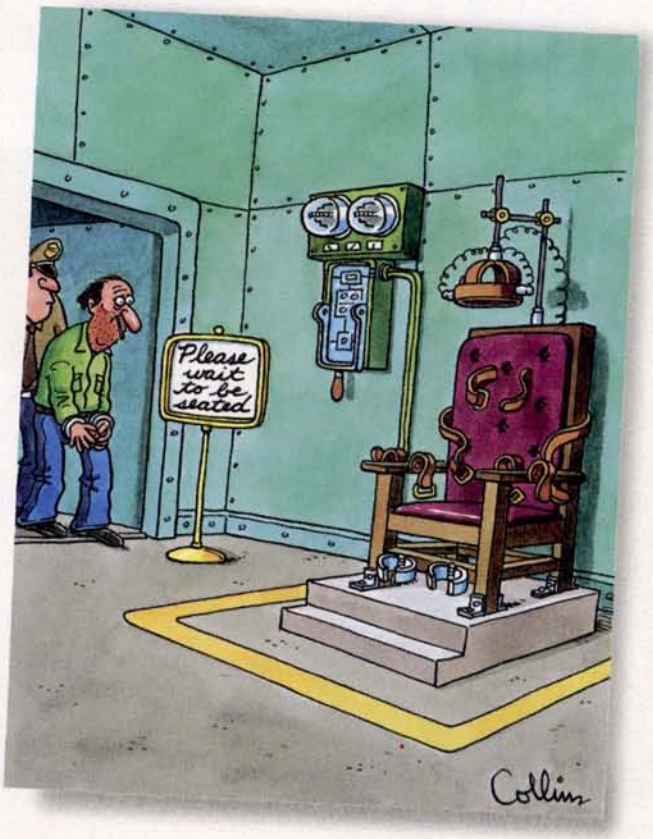
Dear Jeanna Fuck up thanks for Fuckin up my letter too you and changing around what I wrote too you ("Path of the Swordsman," November Dear Slut) I never said I wanted too be a porn star all i asked was where could a regular guy send in some picture's for a amateur contest other than playgirl and then you had too change my hole letter around too sute your own need's what (continued on page 18)

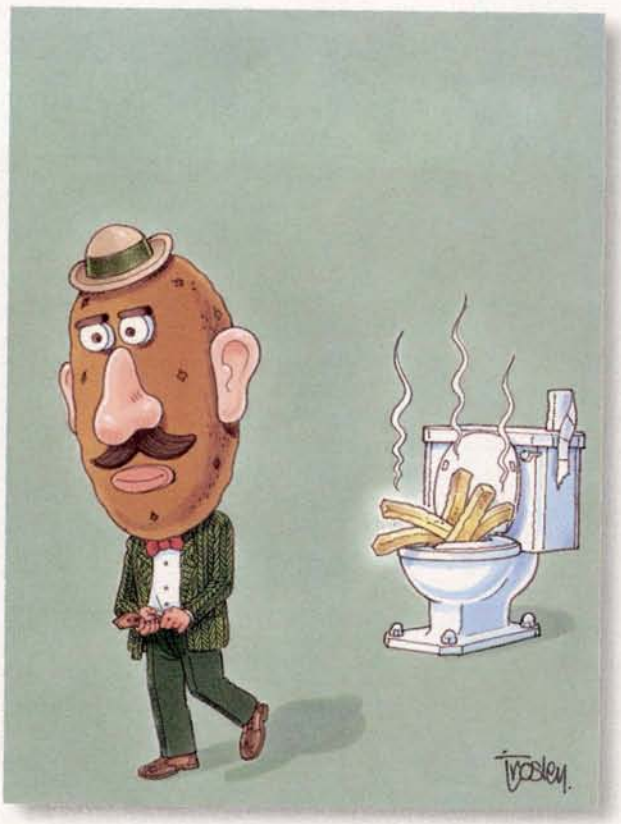
HUSTLER Classic Cartoons

"Yeah, I was guilty. I was convicted of being a nigger."

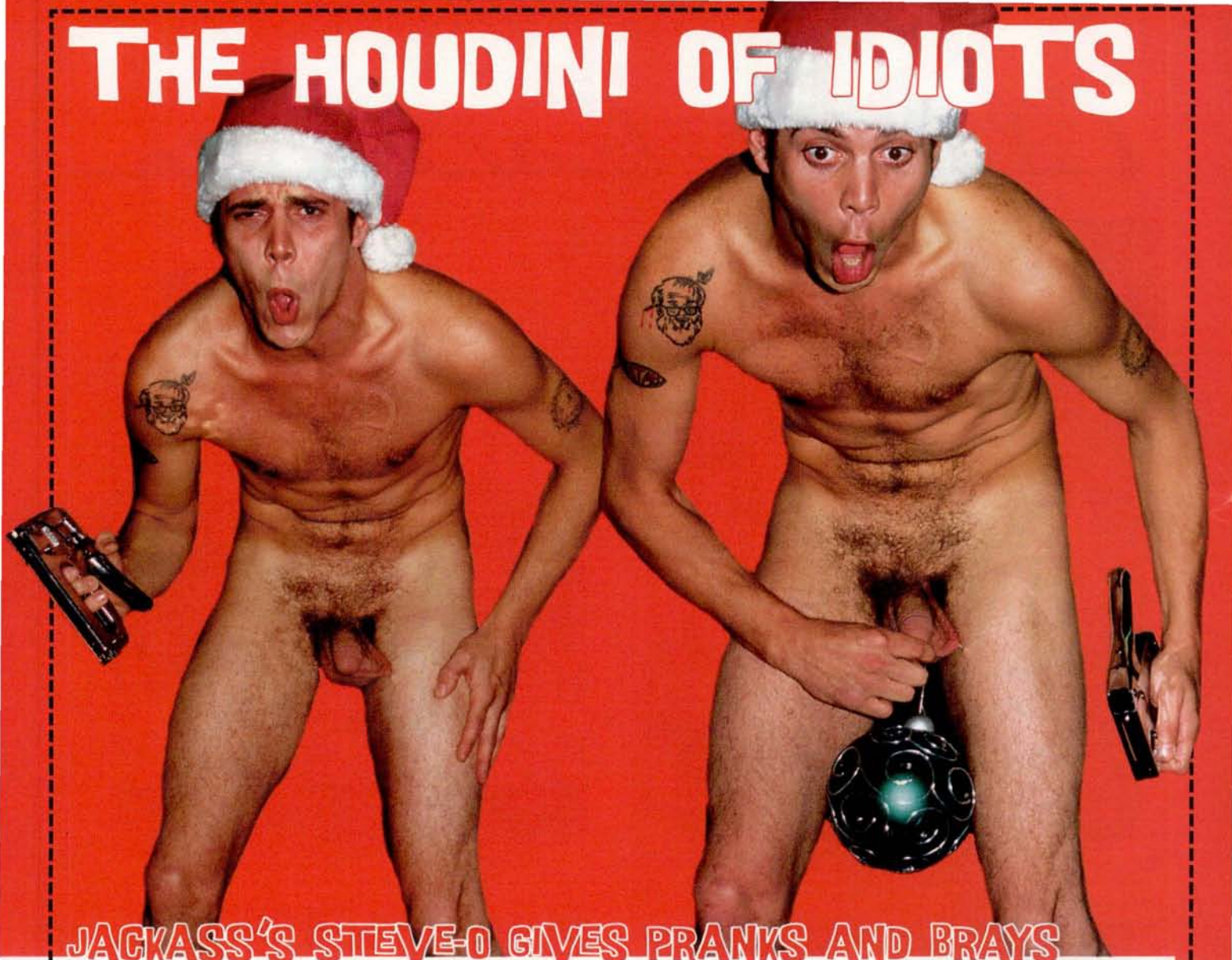


"Ever get the feeling it isn't going to be your day?"





THE HOUDINI OF IDIOTS



JACKASS'S STEVE-O GIVES PRANKS AND BRAYS

INTERVIEW BY STEPHEN SONNEVELD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Clown, jackass, professional moron—these are some of the milder terms used to describe Stephen Glover, known to stunt-TV fans as Steve-O. His DVD, *Don't Try This at Home* (www.steveovideo.com), which he describes as his "life's work," features the *Jackass* luminary doing things to his body that the Marquis de Sade would wince at. Before returning to Houma, Louisiana, to face obscenity charges for exposing, and then stapling, his scrotum during his stage show, Steve-O visited HUSTLER to discuss performance art, death and elephant shit.

HUSTLER: The disclaimer on your DVD states that the stunts are performed by professionals. Professional what?

STEVE-O: I kind of created my own profession. I'd go ahead and call me a professional moron.

HUSTLER: How much have you had to drink today?

STEVE-O: I had one really crappy bottle of this malt beverage.

HUSTLER: Do you drink a lot?

STEVE-O: In general, I try to, yeah.

HUSTLER: Tell me about your relationship with our sister publication BIG BROTHER.

STEVE-O: I've been skateboarding since 1985, and for a long time, I've been a really big fan of BIG BROTHER. I pursued them on my own. I was living in Albuquerque, New Mexico, when one of their tours came through town. So I hunted them down and informed them that I was going to do something so drastic that they would be forced to publish me. That was the episode where I lit my hair on fire and burned my face off.

HUSTLER: How seriously did you take clown college?

STEVE-O: When I first heard about it, I thought it was some kind of big joke, and for me, it was an excuse to hitchhike from Albuquerque to Denver. When I got there, I found out, "*Whoa*, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Clown College. This is really a major, big deal." I became very serious about it. I was crushed when I wasn't offered a contract after I graduated. I went back to Albuquerque to sell pot and [appear in] skateboard videos; so I guess it worked out for the better. I did wind up working in the circus, though, just not the Ringling Circus. I worked in the Hanford Family Circus for six months. Then I got fired from the Hanford Family Circus when the *Jackass* crew came to film my performance.

HUSTLER: What did you do?

STEVE-O: It was just the fact that MTV filmed the circus performance. The circus owners were upset that footage was being poached of their elephant act (laughs). It was a concern on the part of the circus owners that the show would end up on TV and no one would want

Another first only HUSTLER can bring: the sole published photographs of Steve-O and his stapled sac.

to see it anymore. But I was able to get all that elephant poop so I could climb up the ladder and do the poop diving. I saved up poop from three elephants for two straight weeks. I told the circus workers, "Not one turd gets turned away."

HUSTLER: Would you encourage others to make money off their own self-destruction?

STEVE-O: I think *destruction* is a strong word for it. You know, there's something final about that.

HUSTLER: Are you afraid of death?

STEVE-O: More than death, I'd say I'm afraid of being forgotten. Death's okay with me, as long as I have some sort of historical significance.

HUSTLER: Would you ever consider doing an all-out porn movie? Sticking your dick in dangerous situations?

STEVE-O: My idea for doing porn is to create a character called the Cheetah. To be the fastest land mammal, and try to actually have sexual intercourse that's over with in one pump. Just pile it in and pull it out blasting. I want to be the fastest man in the world!

HUSTLER: You must be a real hit with the ladies.

STEVE-O: I genuinely think that sex for women is more emotional than anything. I really have yet to hear a woman complain about how small my wiener is or how fast I come.

HUSTLER: You're already living like the Cheetah, aren't you?

STEVE-O: I come fast. Real fast. I look up to the minute man. A minute's a long time, dude.

HUSTLER: What other stunts do you want to do that maybe people have held you back from?

STEVE-O: My father was a big part of holding me back from shoving a toy car up my ass and going to get my butt X-rayed in the emergency room.

HUSTLER: Please describe the sensation of your face being on fire.

STEVE-O: I'd describe it as kind of like when you put your hand under water and it's so fucking hot, at first you think that the water's cold before you realize it's hot. The real pain sets in a few minutes later.

HUSTLER: You went to the hospital after that?

STEVE-O: I had all these layers of burnt, dead skin break off in the emergency room.

HUSTLER: Did you eat it?

STEVE-O: No, but the skin that's burnt just kills. If you don't scrape it all off, then the dead skin will get all infected. Every morning, I had to take a wet washcloth and scrape off all the pus.

HUSTLER: Your career is just one long cry for help, isn't it?

STEVE-O: I'd say it's one big sincere effort to avoid work and school.

HUSTLER: Who are your inspirations?

STEVE-O: If I had a goal, it would be to be the Houdini of Idiots.

HUSTLER: Aren't you already the self-proclaimed Van Gogh of Idiots?

STEVE-O: Yeah, but I was kind of misquoted on that one. When I said that, I was talking about how, early on, when I started to pursue this whole ordeal, I never expected to have any success at all. So I thought that I would just die miserably, failing, and then somehow be discovered after I had died. My highest goal back then was to be the Van Gogh of Idiots, and that my art would be discovered after I'd already passed. But now that I've had a little bit of success, I've got much higher goals. I want to be the Houdini of Idiots.

HUSTLER: He died performing a stunt though.

STEVE-O: No, that's not true. He died when some asshole came up to him in public and punched him in the stomach. Some asshole sucker-punched him when he wasn't ready; so he died of internal bleeding. Fuck that asshole, huh? People come up and punch me sometimes. They think just because they know what I do for a living that it makes them my fucking boss or something.

HUSTLER: Are you afraid you'll inspire imitators?

STEVE-O: Is Tony Hawk going to feel guilty when a kid shows up in the emergency room because he fell off his skateboard? Do all the NFL football players get attacks of the conscience when kids get injured playing high school football? I'm a professional. I do what I do.

HUSTLER: Since you're a big basic cable and movie star, let's do some Actor's Studio bullshit. What's your favorite swear word?

STEVE-O: I use the word *crucial*. I know that's not really a swear word. But I'm more into words that aren't swear words. I guess I'd say *fuck*.

HUSTLER: If you could pick one career other than stapling your scrotum to your thigh, what would it be?

STEVE-O: I actually did pick that, [but] my plan if I wasn't a success as a stuntman was to be an NFL cameraman. I was actually in a university for a while. I got as close as three semesters away from graduating in the school of communications. I chose the NFL because they only have 13 games a season, and I'd only have to work on Sunday. I never wanted to work, man.

HUSTLER: A sound you love?

STEVE-O: The bubbling of a bong.

HUSTLER: Do you have anything else you'd like to say to our readers?

STEVE-O: I'd like to apologize for distracting them from what they should be doing—jerking off to HUSTLER.

Eat your heart out, Martha Stewart.

Steve-O uses rubbing alcohol for all his holiday fire-breathing because it produces a brighter flame.

What girl doesn't love a man with a mouthful of live night crawlers?

(continued from page 14) *a BITCH I will never look at your collem again you PHONY from as you said the path of the Swordsman and when my subscriber time is up I will cancle it for good a-hole*

—R. V.
via Internet

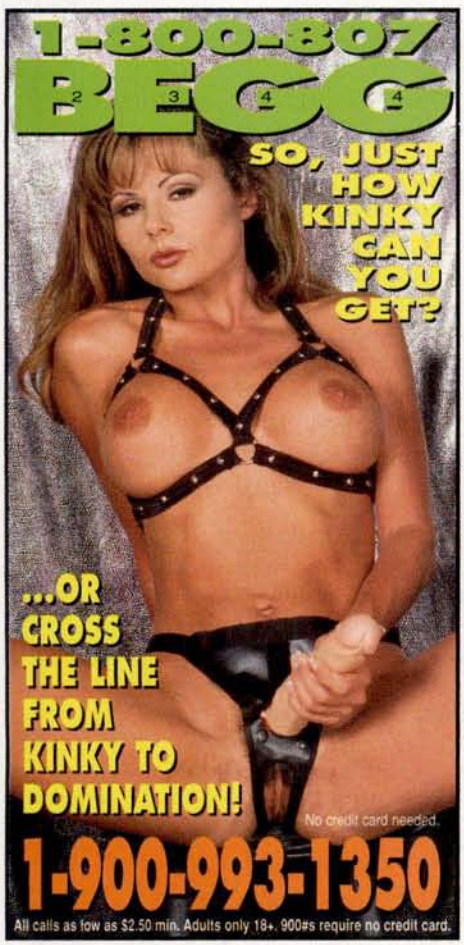
HUSTLER usually edits letters for length, content and clarity. We left this angry missive as is to prove a point. We're sorry you're ticked, R. V. It's not our style to censor or misrepresent anybody, but it's pretty obvious that your queries only benefit from our editorial polish.

Groundbreaking Hard-Core

I've been an avid reader of HUSTLER for almost 20 years. My girlfriend and I love how you guys are always breaking new ground. In the February 1976 HUSTLER you ran shots of a transsexual (Joe-er-ah-Josephine), then in the April 1999 issue you blew minds again with Gia (Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady). My girlfriend hasn't been a fan as long as me, but she's just as loyal. She loves the fact that you guys are showing more hot guys with big cocks than ever before. Your scorching, bisexual layout (Catharine and Henry: Jockey For Each Other, February HUSTLER) really turned her on as well. My girl hopes that Larry Flynt will someday publish a magazine that features transsexuals, bisexuals and gay men. I know that most taboos are hard to break, but I'm equally sure that, if anybody busts this one, it will be HUSTLER.

—W. K.
via Internet

Don't worry, W. K., HUSTLER has many more surprises up its sleeve. Don't hold your breath waiting on a whole magazine dedicated to trannies, though. Some things are better in small doses.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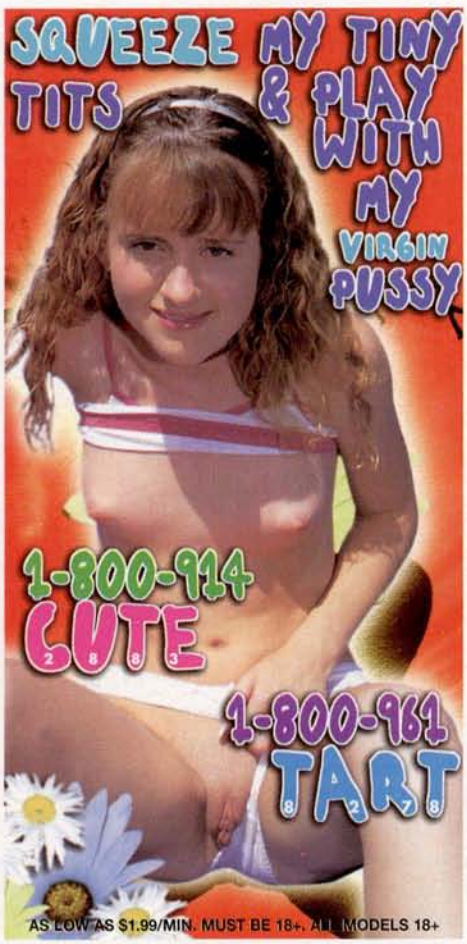

Notes From the Front

Just dropping a line to address T. M. from Hillsboro, New Hampshire's, comments ("Voice of a Veteran," Feedback, December HUSTLER) regarding my story (We Came, We Saw, We Pulled Guard, October HUSTLER). As far as I know, "POG" is an acronym and "pogue" is a phoneticization. I've seen both scrawled in the shitters. Also, T. M. is right, the goddamn Humvees don't have supercharged V-8s, but the goddamn uparmored Humvees do. They're new.

—David Buchbinder
Afghanistan

Counting the Days

The first of the month just doesn't come fast enough. I always anxiously await the arrival of the next HUSTLER. I love all the women in the mag, except for some of the girls in Beaver Hunt. Some of those chicks are butt-ugly. I keep trying to convince my girlfriend to let me submit

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OFFER EXPIRES FEBRUARY 17, 2003 **AMH200**

"Anna Nicole Smith was still gorgeous then, but the instant she opened her fucking mouth my boner shrank and never returned."

nude snapshots of her, but I've had no luck yet. Anyway, I'm writing to find out if you guys are putting out a calendar this year. I know that you've put them out before. If they don't come with the issue, how can I snag one?

—T. S.
via Internet

Happy holidays, T. S. A free calendar (a $7.99 value) is included with this very issue. Don't say we never did anything nice for you.

Jagger a Bore?

When Sonny Barger said, "The Rolling Stones sing well, but they have no personality" in his interview (Born to Be Riled, November HUSTLER) I couldn't help but laugh. Barger's got it all wrong. His statement is like saying, "God's really evil and not very omnipotent." The truth is that the Stones are all attitude. Thanks for giving me something to think and laugh about. I welcome the return of the HUSTLER interview; you should print one in every issue.

—F. K.
Frankfort, Indiana

A Whore by Any Other Name

Why does HUSTLER always refer to the girls in porn as sluts? It's no big deal, I'm not angry or anything. I was just wondering. *—D. C.*
North Muskegon, Michigan

They take money in exchange for sex. What do you want us to call them, independent businesswomen?

Leave It to Beavers

My buddies and I rate every issue of HUSTLER by how many of the Beaver Hunt chicks we'd like to fuck. We're not fooling ourselves. In real life, every issue of HUSTLER would be a 17, but when we're fantasizing over beers on a Friday night we can afford to be picky. That said, your average score this year has been around five. Lately, though, the quality of the Beavers has been through the roof. The November HUSTLER scored seven, and the August issue was an eight. I don't know what you guys are doing, but keep it up.

—C. P.
Takoma Park, Maryland

Thanks, C. P., but we can't really take credit for all the beautiful Beavers you've been seeing lately. The kudos have to go to our loyal readers who tirelessly seek out the loveliest ladies they can find, talk them out of their clothes and send us the resulting snapshots. Without our army of Beaver hunters, we'd be nothing.

The Usual Gang of Perverts

I totally dug "Sights Unseen" in the November Bits & Pieces. That shit was just like those fold-ins they used to put in Mad magazine. Very funny.

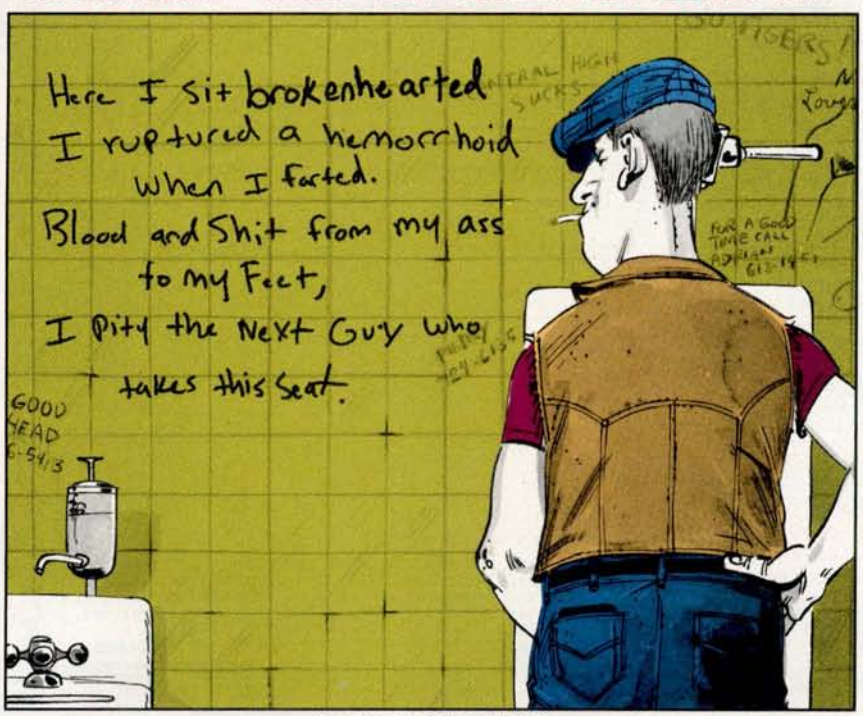
—A. N.
New York, New York

The Upside of an Asshole

Asshole of the Month is always hilarious, and October 2002's tirade against Anna Nicole Smith was no exception. I remember whacking off to pictures of the bitch when she first made it big as a Guess model. Everything was fine until the first time I saw her on TV. Smith was still gorgeous then, but the instant she opened her fucking mouth my boner shrank and never returned. Now the broad is on TV all the time. She's nothing to look at and still dumb as a post, but I can't take my eyes off her; the hick's ignorance is hypnotizing. Anna Nicole Smith may be a fat, greedy Asshole, but she certainly is entertaining. *—P. B.*
Baldwin, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to **G.L.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **CLIVE McLEAN**

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"I love the taste of your pre-cum," Cintia whispers to Billy as **she strokes and sucks his prick.** *"The first little bit that sneaks out is so sweet.* ***Now pump my pussy—but don't come inside me. I want you to shoot the strong stuff into my mouth.*** *The appetizer is nice, but it's making me hungry for something with more bite!"*

Hot Letters

Santa's Little Humpers

I'm an elf girl. The rest of the year, I'm a musician and I sell ocarinas on the Web. But the holidays are my slow season, and I'd rather make bullshit money helping kids onto Santa's lap at the mall than lose my apartment.

The most recent Santa was Tim, a retired fireman with a huge dick. Every now and then, a grown-up lady would sit on his lap, usually to make some friend laugh. I always chuckled to myself whenever a cute broad noticed the old guy's throbber springing to life against her ass. Megan, the other Santa's helper, and I cracked dumb jokes between us about how he was hiding the North Pole in his pants, or Rudolph, or something, but we were both eager to try stuffing our cunts with what promised to be at least ten inches of jolly old St. Prick.

We had our opportunity when we ambushed Tim in the parking lot one night after the mall closed. Although the ersatz Santa's hair is authentically white, he didn't look particularly old dressed in street clothes and clean-shaven. Still in our elf suits (whoever thought up the shiny, green tights and red miniskirt combo was not pandering to kids), we sandwiched the older man between us, ground our hot crotch-mounds into him and demanded to see Santa's best toy.

Tim has a camper on his pickup, and practically threw us into it. His cab-over bed doesn't have much head room; so we piled onto the small couch. Megan, who's pert, blond and 18, dropped her tights and sat on Tim's face.

The gooey young snatch pressed against his nose and mouth appealed to this phony Claus as much as milk and cookies would tempt the genuine Santa. I watched Tim's tongue slither between Megan's slickening flaps while my own poon wept joyfully into my tights.

I've got about ten years on Megan; so I don't need a mustache ride before I head for the cock. Unzipping Santa's twills, I yanked out his arm-size donger and ran my tongue up the side, feeling it stiffen from erect to titanium-grade against my cheek.

I rested my parted lips on the tip before St. Nick grabbed my head and jammed my face onto his pud. The head knocked into the back of my throat. Gagging, I grasped both hands around the shaft of his massive member and squeezed firmly, while probing the cap of his schween with my taste buds.

The merry fellow came, pumping upward so his balls hit me in the chin. I swallowed the initial salvo of scuzz down the wrong pipe, and had to back off his boner to cough, leaving Tim's outsized ding-dong blasting the air.

Blinded by the blonde's bouncing crack, the pseudo-Santa couldn't see where his white nog flew. As I hawked spooge up from my lungs, I took a stringy blob in my hair, my little elf's cap and lastly, my upper lip.

Megan, still smearing her labes over Tim's face like she was giving him oxygen with her cunt, leaned forward and lapped the creamy glop from my mouth. As we necked over the older guy, I felt Tim's finger push through the crotch of my tights into the moist petals of my squack.

We were a well-timed threesome; every motion of his crooked pointer against my G spot echoed in my tongue against Megan's. My fellow elfette, in turn, passed the movement through her grasping snizz onto Santa's cherrylike mouth, making his big cock nod upward until it was a metal girder again.

Even with Megan's 18-year-old ass obscuring his field of vision, Santa deftly managed to flip open a cupboard in the base of the little couch we filled. The cubby was overfilled with sex toys—vibrators, *(continued on page 34)*

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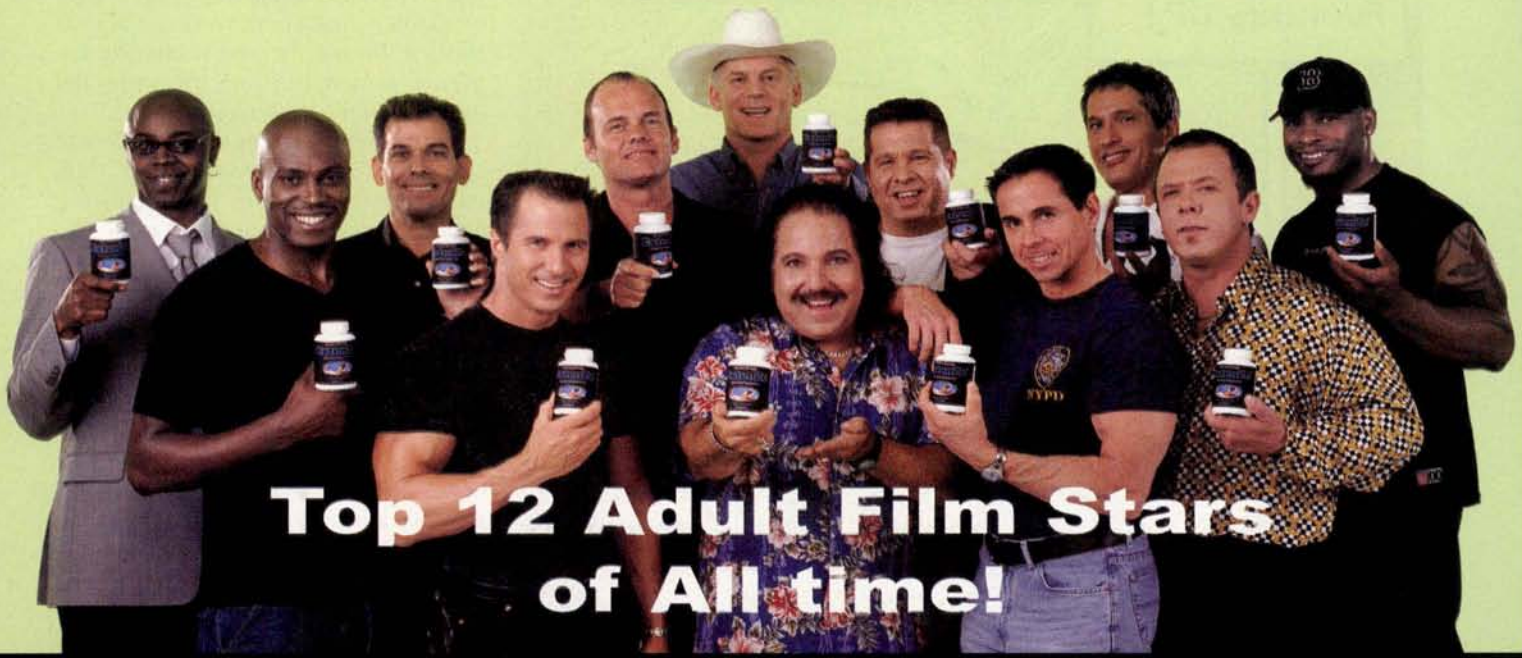

Ron Jeremy, Tom Byron, Peter North, Lexington Steele, Scott Styles, Hershal Savage, Mr. Marcus, Max Hardcore, Don Fernando, Steve Austin, Blake Palmer, Sean Michaels

I saw Megan gnashing her teeth like a baboon as she pounded her ass into the vibrator. Tim's mouth polished her pearl with every stroke.

(continued from page 30) dildos, anal beads, Ben-wa balls and a number of items I couldn't identify. Grasping blind, Tim pulled out a big buzz-wand and switched the device on with his thumb.

The jolly old fart's face was beginning to chafe. I guessed what he had in mind when he slipped his paw out of my snatch and coated the tip of the vibe with my juices; young Megan had to be brought off before Santa's ruddy cheeks began to bleed.

Tim parked his toy against the 18-year-old's asshole. Her eyes snapped open wide as I turned my attention to mounting Santa's pulsating meat log without injuring myself.

Fortunately, I'd oozed enough lubrication to go around. I jammed as much willie into me as I could stand, but there were still a good three inches exposed between Santa's balls and my green-nylon-swaddled mound.

Stretching my hand around the left-over length of cock, I bucked into Santa with slow, deliberate motions, letting my stuffed tunnel grow accustomed to the heavy traffic. I could see from Megan's expression of half-panic and half-ecstasy that Saint Nick's buzz baton was straining the limits of her shitter as well.

We all proceeded with caution, building to a big release, but within a few minutes the three of us were humping and writhing with abandon. Megan grasped my tits, and her eyes rolled back as she chugged her way closer to coming. I was already at the point of trying to hold off a window-rattling climax.

The sight of Santa's tongue flicking my co-elf's clit and disappearing up her twat sent me over. I practically busted the shocks on Tim's truck when I spasmed, bringing my shiny, green knees together on Santa's chest and clenching my hole around his limblike member.

As the room came back into focus, I saw Megan gnashing her teeth like a baboon as she pounded her ass backward into the vibrator. Tim's mouth polished her pearl with every stroke. Our merry stud hadn't popped his second wad yet; so I grabbed a pocket rocket from the cupboard and buzzed his sac while I kept humping Santa's big dick.

The faux Father Christmas's balls tightened; just as Megan came with a shrill, cutesy squeal, Tim's large unit splatted goo deep into my still-trembling, stretched pussy, and a second wave of orgasmic pleasure racked me.

The three of us gasped and huffed for about ten minutes afterward. Santa proclaimed us both good girls, and gave us each a brand-new dildo to thank us.

Tim's been booked to portray Santa again this year. Megan and I will bring some friends along for another last-minute holiday orgy in the parking lot—Santa's helpers will have helpers of their own. I'm hoping to score a new pocket vibe from our Saint Nick, but I'll be happy if he comes in my flue with a fat lump of pole.

—S. L.
No Address Given

Snow White and the Seven Principles of Kwanza

I want HUSTLER readers to know that last year I had a White Christmas, with all the sexual trimmings. I'm a black man and a cab driver. This past December, I spent 14-hour days shuttling between New York City and its three big airports.

December 26, I caught a fare from LaGuardia to Brooklyn Heights—a slim, pale-white girl with black hair and purple-blue eyes, lugging an overnight bag. She couldn't have been more than 20. Underdressed for winter in a fashion-label sweatshirt, hip-hugger jeans and light jacket, the young lady looked like a college girl who had expensive tastes but wasn't used to fending for herself.

"Finally, warmth!" the foxy honkette cried as she stepped into the back of my taxi. Where the lapels of her open jacket met her small chest, two erect nipples pushed through her sweatshirt like fingers. I gathered up my trip sheet and lunch from the passenger seat.

"Why don't you ride up here, close to the heater?" I suggested. Her thin, balm-coated lips parted into a knowing smile. I'd never seen teeth so white and even, except in cigarette ads.

Buckled in next to me, the fine young miss rubbed the chill from her jeans, peppering her conversation with *brrs* and chattering teeth. Her hands were lovely, and I sprouted a thick boner as she ran them along her long, coltish legs.

The girl, Naropa, started telling me about herself, but I wasn't interested in her background as I took her in through the corner of my eye; so I don't remember any of that bullshit. She rubbed her inner thighs, then squeezed both hands between her widely spaced legs to warm them.

"Nice and toasty," (continued on page 108)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **CLIVE McLEAN**

LINDY BABY

"I was just a stick growing up," exotic dancer Lindy giggles. *"The other kids always* ***made fun of me because I was so lanky. Then I started dancing, and my muscles developed. Oh, and my tits filled out too. Now, those same cunts who mocked me are jealous because their drooling husbands shove their hard-earned money into my G-string. Like the saying goes, I really do laugh all the way to the bank. Revenge is almost as sweet as my pussy."***

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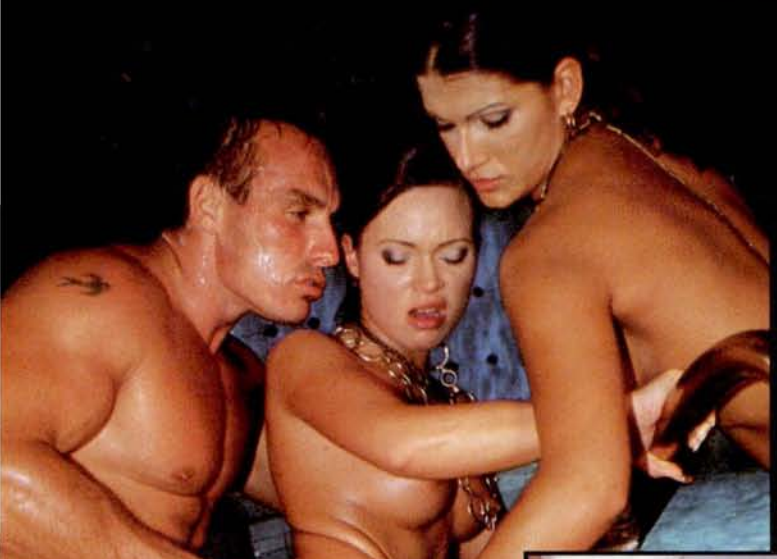
Erotic entertainment

Edited by **Gus Mastrapa**



The Necklace: *"Uh, excuse me? Cock-hungry whore here!"*

The Necklace: *"Keep a slut on a leash in case the power goes out."*

The Necklace: *Being outnumbered is often an advantage.*

The Necklace

Directed by Anita Rinaldi
Starring Monika, Lilu, Silvy, Barbarella, Kristy, Orsi, Mary Loo, Silvya, Agi, Edina, Melinda, Alberto Rey, Thomas Tone, David, Steve Holmes, Atty, Bob Terminator, Boldi and Frank Gunn.
Videocassette: Vivid Video.

The Necklace tracks the cum-stained history of a piece of gaudy costume jewelry that favors the cleavage of every era's biggest whores. In the opening screw, a sultan bangs four snatches from his harem, one of which wears the aforementioned trinket. Each of the kept cunts rides the ruler's regal prick, while the other tramps finger-fuck themselves in the background. Later, a fancy-pants Frenchman gives his wife the chain as a gift before sodomizing her delicate turd blossom. A cardinal is tempted by a flaxen-tressed whore who relieves him of his chastity, then absconds with the valuable heirloom. This Hungarian import features minimal subtitling and a stunning cast of European babes who outnumber their male counterparts—a welcome break from the dick-rubbing, homoerotic slant that Old World smut has taken of late. *The Necklace* is a hard-core gem. ***—Nicholas Veridian***

The Dirty West

DIGITAL UNDERGROUND GETS BUSY

In 1990, Digital Underground gave pop-music listeners a chance to "do the hump"; now the hip-hop artists hope to bestow strokers with a taste of true rap-inspired hard-core. The group's latest project, *Sex in the Studio*, is an adult-video magazine that promises to expand on the ground pioneered by Snoop Dogg's initial foray into smut. The video will include the requisite music videos and hard-core sex, but will also feature raunchy interviews with popular rap stars and erotic sports such as sex olympics. *Erotic Entertainment* spoke to Digital Underground members Clee (the series' director) and Money B (producer) about their pornographic intentions.

Money B and his hired ho's.

HUSTLER: What's your goal for *Sex in the Studio*?

MONEY B: We want to take this thing mainstream. When we came out with [their 1990 debut album] *Sex Packets*, there had already been a lot of rappers talking about sex. 2 Live Crew was already out. We were the first to talk about, "Yeah, we like to eat pussy" or "We wanna please the girl." I guess with this video, we'll be some of the first artists to really stand in front of our work.

HUSTLER: What did you think of *Snoop Dogg's Doggystyle*?

MONEY B: I think it opened the door for this genre, but I think a lot of things were left out. I don't think Snoop was totally involved in that video.

HUSTLER: Had any of you ever been on a porn set before shooting the series?

CLEE: I had actually directed an adult music video before this, with me and Knumskull from [rap duo] the Luniz. It had a lot of porno atmosphere. It was called *Knock Diesel*.

HUSTLER: So you had some experience with porn already.

MONEY B: Yeah, plus everybody's got their personal files.

HUSTLER: Do any members of Digital Underground plan to take part in a sex scene?

CLEE: Cletus Mack definitely will in the tenth episode; by the tenth episode you will see Cletus Mack and the Clee Kong getting real busy. We already have one of our members, Essential, doing a scene. We're just trying to figure out where we're gonna put it.

HUSTLER: Did you have a porn-star wish list when you started this project?

CLEE: Tera Patrick, but we haven't had a chance to get with her yet.

MONEY B: I always wanted to work with Vanessa Del Rio, but I think she's retired.

HUSTLER: Of the starlets you worked with, who were the standouts?

MONEY B: Since I got into it, I discovered Lacey Duvalle. She's my favorite. She's hot.

Sunshine: "What a coincidence! I also once got busy in a Burger King bathroom."

"Okay, we backed them up. Now what?"

Naked Hollywood #11: *Keri closes her eyes and thinks of Chris Noth.*

Lex the Impaler #2: *"Stab me right here."*

Lex the Impaler #2: *"It's tough to keep my balance with this thing."*

Devon Stripped: *"Seriously; am I leaking collagen?"*

Nutjob Nurses: *"Paging Doctor Howard, Doctor Fine...."*

Naked Hollywood #11

Directed by Toni English.
Starring Nina Hartley, Dee, Asia Carrera, Keri Windsor, Wendy Devine, Kylie Ireland, Brooke Hunter, Dale D'Bone, Randy Spears, Steve Hatcher and Joel Lawrence.
Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions.

The influence of *Sex and the City* (the evil opposite of Viagra) runs all too rampant in *Naked Hollywood #11*. Asia Carrera and fellow slits Nina Hartley, Keri Windsor and Dee spend unjustifiable amounts of time discussing unfaithful men over food—just like their yammering, cable-television counterparts. The video strumpets struggle to wrap their lips around moronic dialogue, as if the words were horribly malformed cocks, then indulge in standard, couples-approved ruts. Nina huffs down Dale D'Bone's chubber before the swordsman dutifully drills her well-traveled slot. More hand-wringing relationship blather follows. Mocha princess Dee generates a rare blast of heat when she and sturdy slut Kylie Ireland double-team a greasy mook's veiner, but one decent scene doesn't justify the cost of admission. Only gluttons for punishment and Carrie-loving fags will dig *Naked Hollywood #11*.

—Clive Thurstwood

Devon Stripped

Directed by Nic Andrews.
Starring Devon, Ginger Lynn, Monica Sweetheart, Daniella Rush, Holly Hollywood, Monica Mayhem, Nakita Kash, Barett B., Herschel Savage and Julian.
Videocassette: Digital Playground.

At first glance, *Devon Stripped* plays like an infomercial touting the benefits of a career in exotic dancing. Devon is a stuck-up wannabe actress who's short of cash. "All you do is sit on the guy's lap, put your titties on his face and grind back and forth," her friend, Ginger Lynn, tells her. The prospect sounds—and is—too good to be true. Devon's dickwad boyfriend rapidly becomes jealous. Devon dumps the putz and picks up an extra gig as a hooker, helping Euro-hottie Daniella Rush put on a lesbo show for a trio of johns. Devon takes to whoring like a fish to water when Julian waves some money in her face. The blond bimbo gulps his wang then screws the chump while Daniella is being killed in the next room. A bummer to be sure, but not enough of a deterrent to keep Devon's character from resorting to a career in porn. *Devon Stripped* pairs hot sex with a surprisingly nihilistic take on the lives of XXX talent.

—N. V.

Lex the Impaler #2

Directed by Jules Jordan.
Starring Alexa Rae, Ryan Conner, Shyla, Monica Sweetheart, August and Lexington Steele.
Videocassette and DVD: Evil Angel Video.

The bellows of ecstasy that echo through *Lex the Impaler #2* make titular woodsman Lexington Steele sound like a cross between Chewbacca and Cookie Monster. Anyone who doubts that fucking could feel so amazing should keep in mind that *any* hole Lexington stuffs his mammoth prong into is going to feel tight. All five of the tramps who do battle with Lex's crotch missile earn fist-pumping ovations for their talent, daring and elasticity. Ryan Conner's adorable bubble-butt miraculously accommodates all of Lex's manhood, and ultimately coaxes a blast of ball grease that thoroughly covers her face and fleshy chest sacks. Renegade Wicked contract girl Alexa Rae plays blindfolded submissive to Lex's twat-stretcher, riding him like a veiny pogo stick. Some of the pre-fuck teases go on too long, but the bug-eyed look of disbelief that Lex's co-stars all share when they're first skewered keeps the action in *Lex the Impaler #2* razor-sharp.

—C. T.

Nutjob Nurses

Directed by James DiGiorgio.
Starring Dru Berrymoore, Nikkie Love, Caroline Pierce, Bree Brooks, Payne Giovanni, Rafe, Creed, Kyle Stone and Marty Romano.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

Dru Berrymoore is an uptight Amish housewife who goes bonkers after watching a tiny snippet of porn in *Nutjob Nurses*. Doctors decide that Dru's best chance at regaining her sanity is to be worked over like a slut. The whacked-out Mennonite responds favorably to the treatment. One of the docs drills Dru on her hospital bed, while the other depresses the tramp's tongue with his veiny wood. After milking both joints of their seed, Berrymoore seems cured—that is to say, transformed from a fragile ice queen into an unrepentant whore. The conversion is too effective though; in the next scene we find the poor lass in a straitjacket. The once-comatose Dru becomes agitated and violent, but a lesbo threeway with Nikkie Love and Payne Giovanni helps soothe her soul. *Nutjob Nurses* is weakened by poor production values and the boneheaded decision to let Dru go without makeup in her early, prudish scenes. Now that's crazy.

—N. V.

Hot Showers #5: An AVN Award pre-nom for Best Anal Hygiene.

Sexoholics: Semen is like methadone to fuck junkies.

Hot Showers #5: "I'm not kidding; her cunt tastes like lemon juice."

Sexoholics

Directed by Jerome Tanner.
Starring Hannah Harper, Jewel De'Nyle, Brittany Skye, Holly Hollywood, Kinky, Joel Lawrence, Evan Stone, Lee Stone, Ben English and Frank Bukkwyd.
Videocassette: Legend Video.

Sexoholics is pretty much what one would expect from a porn comedy about people going through rehab for sex addiction, but thanks to such sights as Hannah Harper finger-fucking Holly Hollywood's ass-pipe into oblivion, the vid is far more watchable than one would anticipate. Jewel De'Nyle earns her day rate playing a Hollywood starlet who can never have her fill of cock. The moon-faced brunette noisily hoovers Evan Stone's schwang before an angry outdoor fuck, but even Jewel's earsplitting lust shrieks can't match the otherworldly cacophony that comes out of newcomer Kinky during her cornhole-fest with Joel Lawrence. When Lawrence's helmet-haired evangelist character crams his rod into Kinky's starfish, her ensuing squeals would spook a rabid hyena. Cute, blond and nasty, Kinky turns out to be the most addictive ingredient in *Sexoholics*. **—C. T.**

Hot Showers #5

Directed by Clive McLean.
Starring Leah, Cherry, Cintia, Tiffany, Piper, Riley, August, Becca, Buffy and Foxy Lady.
Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Hot Showers #5, a dripping, snatch-only offering from photographer-cum-director Clive McLean, proves that good girl/girl is hard to find. Barely legal babes Leah and Cherry rendezvous in a sauna. Cherry, a slender cutie with reddish locks, sells the scene. The nymphet's body arches with every thrust of her friend's fingers. The lesbian thespian's face registers a pleasure that all the phony moans in the world couldn't begin to approximate. The rest of Cherry's co-stars aren't as unbridled. Most mewl their way through uninspired scenes. McLean struggles with the talent, surely wishing he could just snap a photo and make each instance of fakery imply a thousand moans, rather than videotape the affected histrionics of newbie porn talent. With no pop-shot to signify the end of each coupling, the screws all end with a whimper. Only Cherry, who plants a sultry lesbian kiss on her partner, gives her fuck a sense of closure. When Cherry towels off, *Hot Showers #5* loses its steam. **—N. V.**

No Man's Land Legends

Directed by Bionca Seven.
Starring Amber Lynn, Nina Hartley, Bionca Seven, Jeanna Fine, Christi Lake, Asia Carrera, Teri Weigel, Kim Chambers, Porsche Lynn, Sharon Kane and Jeannie Pepper.
Videocassette: Video Team.

There was a time when *all* of the sluts in *No Man's Land Legends* were hot. That era is long gone. Sure, these ladies can still fuck like pros, and they're horny as hell, but it's distressing when viewers have to ask themselves whether they're witnessing a gushing orgasm or an embarrassing loss of bladder control. Representing the more recent generation of "legends," Asia Carrera and Kim Chambers are both still in their prime. Their elders pounce on the fresh flesh like ravenous beasts. Amber Lynn, Jeanna Fine and Teri Weigel partake in a nasty threesome that would have been awesome if the three of them still looked like the Amber Lynn, Jeanna Fine and Teri Weigel of yore. It's true that the jizz biz is not kind to its talent, and these ladies have all paid their dues, but only the most obscenely nostalgic pervs will want to bother with *No Man's Land Legends*. **—C. T.**

Mr. Bigg and His Bitches

Directed by Eddie James.
Starring Kiwi, Nichelle Lanier, Luci, Pearl, Skyy, Pebbles and Mr. Bigg.
Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

Ever wonder what it would be like if Long Dong Silver was a gangsta? Neither have we, but *Mr. Bigg and His Bitches #2* answers the question anyway. The title swordsman is covered in tattoos, wears shiny jeans, throws gang signs and talks in the Snoop-esque drawl that is apparently required of any West Coast ghetto denizen. Mr. Bigg's bitches are a crew of ebony hotties with the requisite luscious lips and bumpin' behinds. The snake that lives in Mr. Bigg's ghetto-fabulous trousers is like another limb—long, black and sinuous. It corkscrews into dripping cunts and forces jaws to open wide. In one scene, Mr. Bigg crams his schlong through an enormous glory hole. The ho in the next stall noisily sucks the invading wang, then stands and backs her thang onto the prong. After some coaxing, the serpent spits its molten venom into the sister's cherry-red mouth. It's a damn shame that tenement-caliber production values keep *Mr. Bigg and His Bitches #2* from being all that. **—N. V.**

Mr. Bigg and His Bitches #2: Mr. Bigg represents for tha men's room, West Coast-style.

Sexoholics: Brittany took this opportunity to make her searching and fearless moral inventory.

No Man's Land Legends: It's kind of like that scene in Cocoon when all the old folks go swimming.

Pink Christmas

GIVE THE GIFT OF HARD-CORE

Holiday shopping is always a real pain in the ass, and the current shitty state of the economy doesn't make the prospect of shelling out hard-earned cash at the mall any more appealing. *Erotic Entertainment* has cooked up a porn-giving gift guide to help pervs snag all they need for the Yule season in a single trip to the local adult emporium.

>>Who: The best buddy.
Last Year's Gift: NASCAR tickets.
This Year: Give him a couple of DVDs by the year's best porn director, Jules Jordan. We recommend *Ass Worship*, *Lex the Impaler* and *Space Invaderz* (all from Evil Angel Video) or *Devon: The Lost Footage* (Vivid Video).

>>Who: Dad.
Last Year's Gift: A Dremel power tool.
This Year: Remind dear old Dad of his carefree, childless youth with classic porn. *New Wave Hookers* (VCA Pictures) and *Night Trips* (Caballero Video Company) will turn on younger patriarchs. *Debbie Does Dallas* (VCX), *Behind the Green Door* (Mitchell Brothers) and *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* (VCA Pictures) will have older fathers dusting off the family jewels in no time.

Pee is for pervs.

>>Who: The crazy uncle.
Last Year's Gift: Ammunition.
This Year: Show him some shit that will temporarily divert his attention from overthrowing the government; try the over-the-top antics of *Forced Entry*, *S.I.D.S. #2: The Rebirth* and *The Attic* (all from Extreme Associates) or the gross-outs of *American Bukkake*, *Liquid Gold* and *Perverted Stories* (all from J.M. Productions).

>>Who: The boss.
Last Year's Gift: A fruitcake.
This Year: Give him what he really wants: tranny porn. The latest editions of *Sluts With Nuts* (Elegant Angel) or *Joey Silvera's Rogue Adventures* (Evil Angel Video) will either satisfy the freak inside him or earn you an open-ended holiday break.

>>Who: The girlfriend/wife.
Last Year's Gift: Jewelry.
This Year: Save some dough and treat the old lady to a steamy night of couples porn such as *All the Rave* (Adam & Eve Productions), *Innocence* (New Sensations) or *Les Vampyres 2: The Resurrection* (Metro Inc.).

Les Vampyres 2: Your wife will thank you. Then she'll bite off your cock.

>>Who: The kids.
Last Year's Gift: A PS2 and a ton of boy-band CDs.
This Year: What are you, a sicko? Grab a dozen Krispy Kremes on the way home and call it a day.

Mason's Dirty Trixxx: *"Wave your dick all you want, the blowjob isn't gonna happen."*

Breathless: *It took hands-on training to teach Troy about erogenous zones.*

Wild Cherries: *One more anorexia crack, and I'll sit on your nuts. Not that you'd feel it.*

Mason's Dirty Trixxx

Directed by Mason.
Starring Olivia Saint, Kinky, Summer Storm, Michelle Raven, Katie Morgan, Pat Myne, Kyle Stone, Tice Bune, Brandon Iron and Tony Eveready.
Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Mason's Dirty Trixxx had the potential to be a memorable collection of twisted smut, if only more effort had been put into making the vid look decent. Instead, grainy video and lousy camera work render Katie Morgan's segment a snooze, even when she eats corn on the cob topped with Pat Myne's sperm. In the best vignette, Kinky lives up to her *nom de poon* by riding a horse on a saddle equipped with a dildo and a butt plug. When she later hooks up with Brandon Iron, the petite fuckdoll is gratifyingly gagged with a drool ball and outfitted with a new butt plug that resembles a horse's tail. Elsewhere, Tice Bune works out his frustration with having the gayest name in straight porn by frequently spitting on Summer Storm during their slaphappy tryst. Despite its aggressive nastiness, crappy technical skills make *Mason's Dirty Trixxx* no treat. **—C. T.**

Wild Cherries

Directed by Pat Myne.
Starring Angelique LaMare, Kristina Black, Monica Mayhem, Brandy Starz, Faith, Tawny Roberts, Pat Myne, Ricky, Eric Everhard and Joel Lawrence.
Videocassette: Metro Inc.

Wild Cherries harvests five tasty defilements for pervs to feast on. Rail-thin sylph Tawny Roberts sports a shitter so pink that you might even say it glows. When the pretty blonde lets Ricky stuff her dumper, the gel-haired mook repeatedly moans, "Oh, my God" as a testament to the blessed perfection of Tawny's mud chute. Later, Brandy Starz demonstrates what a slut will do when left to her own devices. After toying with a gargantuan dildo, paddling her own ass, trying on bondage gear and inserting a butt plug, the playful nympho dresses up like a schoolgirl and is double-teamed by Eric Everhard and Joel Lawrence. When Joel demands, "Are you a nasty whore?" Brandy offers a wordless response by eagerly gulping down his and Everhard's nut sludge. If only all women were as physically expressive as Brandy is in *Wild Cherries*. **—C. T.**

Breathless

Directed by Michael Raven.
Starring Devinn Lane, Sydnee Steele, April, Venus, Holly Halston, Holly Hollywood, Steven St. Croix, Mike Horner, Troy and Evan Stone.
Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

In 1960, filmmaker Jean-Luc Goddard helmed a movie that subverted the devices of the American gangster flick and helped launch the French New Wave. Forty-two years later, Michael Raven bestows another film titled *Breathless* upon the world; unfortunately, the latter-day model is just another godawful porn flick. Raven's tale of thieves, cops and whores is a third-generation ripoff—a clueless homage to Goddard by way of Tarantino—but this embarrassing tale owes more to Ed Wood. At least this flick has hard-core sex within the ill-conceived tribute. Sydnee Steele, portraying the dead whore, blows her cop boyfriend in a moody flashback. Troy bangs Holly Halston's cunt. Holly Hollywood climbs aboard Steven St. Croix's prick and grinds her shaved coochie against his crotch. Evan Stone nails Devinn, then splooges on Venus's face. *Breathless* reminds strokers why the fast-forward button is their best friend. **—N. V.**

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

Fully Erect

Shane's World #30: Keepin' It Real (New Sensations)
Calli Cox, Brittany Skye, Rock D

Taylor Loves Rocco #2 (Vivid Video)
Taylor Hayes, Eva Blonde, Rocco Siffredi

Young & Black (HUSTLER Video)
Kiwi, Monica, T. J. Cummings

Three-Quarters Erect

Asian Fever #7 (HUSTLER Video)
Pim, Tia, Pat Myne

Beverly Hills 9021-HO #3 (Celestial Productions)
Aimee Tyler, Ryan Meadows, B. Pumper

Black on Black #2 (Red Light District)
Simone, Clouey, Mr. Marcus

Flesh Hunter (Evil Angel Video)
Kaylee, Luna, Eric Everhard

HUSTLER'S Superfuckers #13 (HUSTLER Video)
Pokahontas, Lyudmilla, Titof

New Girls in Town #3 (Wicked Pictures)
Lezley Zen, Carmen Luvana, Steve Hatcher

Half Erect

Natural Selection (Adam & Eve Productions)
Inari Vachs, Elizabeth X, Dino Bravo

Rave Sexxx #2 (Extreme Associates)
Nellie Pierce, Layla Jade, Tom Byron

Sweatin' It (Kick Ass Pictures)
Lola, Faith, Pat Myne

One-Quarter Erect

Baby Face (Flash Point Productions)
Nicole, Amber, Harry Potter

Bangin' in the Hood (Metro Inc.)
Black Berry, Pebbles, John Moore

Capers (Pleasure Productions)
Calli Cox, Nina Hartley, Steven St. Croix

1001 Ways to Eat My Jizz (Armageddon Entertainment)
Bisexual Britni, Bree Brooks, August Arkham

Totally Limp

Goosed for 3 (Stable/International Media Distributors)
Keri Windsor, Asia Carrera, Tuck Johnson

Rating Guide

Fully Erect
Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Erect
Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect
Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect
Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.

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Adam & Eve Customer Favorite!

11. Blue Dolphin Vibe • Bathtime was **never** this much fun. Our waterproof, lapis blue jelly vibe is a slim 6" long, 1" wide. Multi-speed vibrations allow for waves of ecstacy. Works great on dry land too! Powered by 2 AA batteries (sold separately).
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Dear Slut

Jeanna Fine Tells the Fucking Truth

Dye Jobs and Blowjobs

I'm a young gal starting out in the porn industry. I'm a blonde, but from the videos I've rented I'm getting a sense that XXX is currently leaning toward brunettes. What's up with that? I thought that blondes have more fun. Should I dye my hair or stick to my natural color? —B. B.
Van Nuys, California

In the '80s, when I was in my heyday, the smut industry leaned toward bottle blondes. I was one of the few black-haired babes, and it really helped me stand out. Today, porn starlets are more adventurous with hair color. You'll find a huge variety of punky hues and diverse styles. While this coiffure variance is liberating, the downside is that it's going to be much harder to distinguish yourself. Forget what the other girls are doing; just go to a stylist and find the look that fits you best.

Lifelong Motherfucker

When my father left our family my mother became a hopeless drunk. Once, when I was 12, I made the moves on her when she was passed out, and I wound up nailing my unconscious mom. It's been 30 years since my first taste of incest. To this day I still love treating Mom to dinner, buying her tons of drinks, then taking her home for a hot (for me, anyway) night of lovemaking. Honestly, I can't believe that she's never once woken up after all these years. Do you think she's been faking sleep all along? —T. K.
Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania

I hope this is a joke. If not, you have a serious psychological problem. Fantasizing is one thing, but taking part in an ongoing, unhealthy sexual relationship is destructive. If your mother has been unconscious all these years, then you've been raping her. If she has been awake for these fucks, she needs as much psychiatric help as you. Cut your losses while you still can. Try to form a healthy, nonsexual relationship with your mother before it's too late.

Squeezing One Out

The last time I came, I experienced an incredible pain that felt like someone was stepping on my groin with a spiked heel. After sifting through my ejaculate, I discovered a tiny pebble—it looked like a miniature, opaque marble. I can send it to you if you want to examine it. Is it possible to pass a stone while ejaculating? —J. V.
via Internet

It's possible. Semen travels down the same path that urine does. You're much more likely to pass a stone while taking a leak, though. Go see a doctor or a urologist, and please, never, ever send me something that comes out of your body.

Guess Who's Coming in Dinner

The movie American Pie was an enormous inspiration to me. After watching the film I immediately ran to a bakery and bought a hot apple pie to stick my dick in. After trying baked goods, I was curious what other foods would feel like. I've shoved my cock into peanut butter (kinda thick), mayonnaise (silky) and ketchup (just cold). I'm on a quest to jam my jimmy into anything and everything edible. I haven't tried raw meat yet because I'm a little nervous about cleanliness. Can I catch salmonella from humping an uncooked chicken? —G. E.
via Internet

Use a condom with sketchier grub, such as chicken or pork, and wash the raw meat with warm water before you bang it. Inspect your cock to ensure that you have no cuts that might let in infections. Urinate after screwing the carcass in order to dislodge any particles that may find their way into your urethra. Stay away from chicken bones—they're sharp and tend to splinter. And for God's sake, don't feed the food to yourself or others afterward.

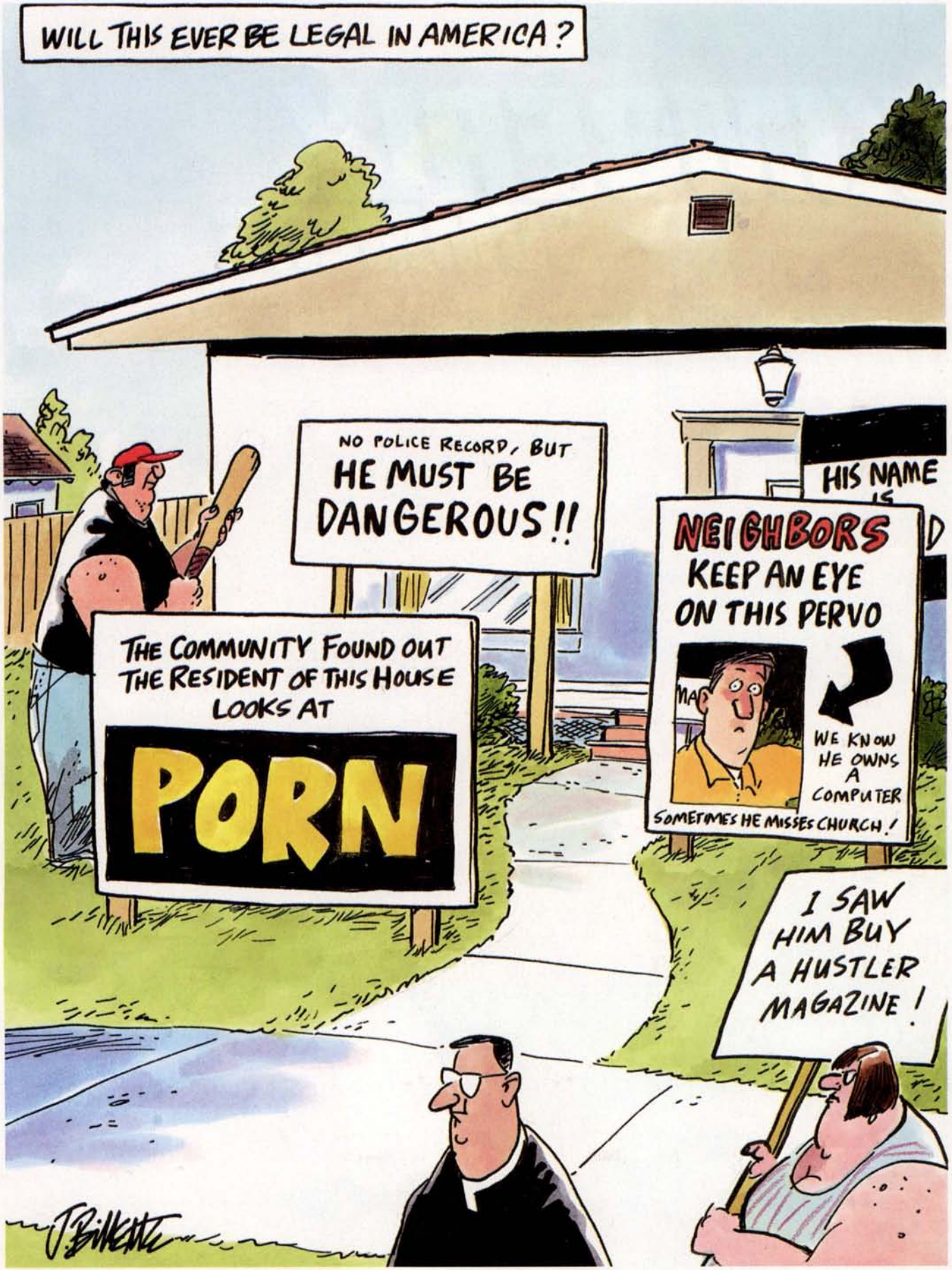
Wide Willy

I work at a bar where lots of career gals come to knock back a few cocktails after work. The other night the soused broads became embroiled in a long discussion about cock size. Half were size hounds, while the other half believed that technique was the key to satisfaction. Only one woman was addicted to girth. She said that her snatch needs to be stretched to reach climax. Which of these chicks was right? By the way, I have a pretty thick prick. Do you think I should make a move on the fat-cock lover? —R. J.
Panama City, Panama

Every girl needs something different to reach carnal satisfaction. Everyone has an ideal sexual match; give the girth-hound a shot—she may be yours.

Barbaric Cock Cures

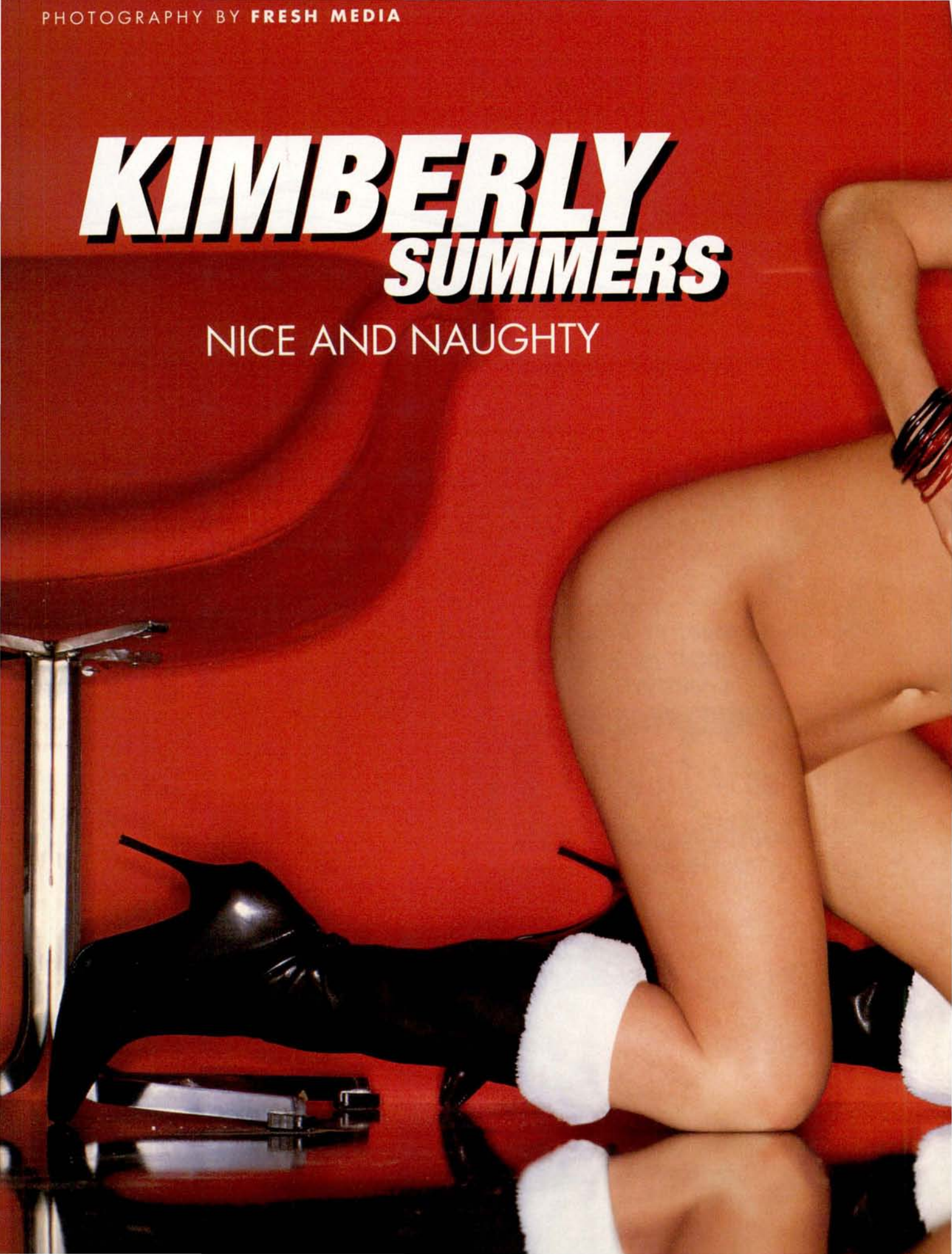
I'm afraid of doctors. The story about the guy who caught crotch rot from a porn star in the November HUSTLER ("Sluts Hurt: The Hazards of Fucking a Diseased Porn Star," Sex Play) only heightened *(continued on page 60)*


WILL THIS EVER BE LEGAL IN AMERICA?
NO POLICE RECORD, BUT HE MUST BE DANGEROUS!!
THE COMMUNITY FOUND OUT THE RESIDENT OF THIS HOUSE LOOKS AT
PORN
HIS NAME IS
NEIGHBORS KEEP AN EYE ON THIS PERVO
WE KNOW HE OWNS A COMPUTER
SOMETIMES HE MISSES CHURCH!
I SAW HIM BUY A HUSTLER MAGAZINE!
J. Bilkette

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **FRESH MEDIA**

KIMBERLY SUMMERS

NICE AND NAUGHTY



"Do I amuse you? Entice you? Arouse you?" *Kimberly teases. "Are you gawking for your pleasure or mine? What visions dance in your head? It is the holidays, after all. Am I on your wish list?* ***Have you been a good boy? Good boys deserve good presents; bad boys deserve punishment. I deliver both. Do you want to wrap me up in ribbons and bows, or do you want to tear open my box and play rough with me until I break? Are your nuts roasting?*** *I've made my list and checked it twice. I'm coming."*

Dear Slut

"My lover suggested that I screw his new Labrador retriever. What physical risks are involved when fucking a dog?"

(continued from page 50) *that fear. I think I may have a venereal disease, but I don't want to be forced to shove something into my dick. You'd think that by now the medical community would come up with newer, more humane procedures than urethra scraping. Can't I just pop some penicillin and be done with it? —L. U.*
via Internet

Don't be such a pussy about your dick. Many doctors now use piss tests to detect ailments. Regardless of the method, letting VD go untreated can lead to insanity, blindness and many more horrific maladies. Take your pick; suffer minor discomfort now or a shitload later.

And Rover Makes Three

I have been dating my boyfriend for eight months. Our sex life is very exciting. We have ventured down just about every sexual avenue imaginable. One night after many drinks my lover suggested that I screw his new Labrador retriever. I'm a pretty open-minded gal, but I'm having trouble with the idea of bestiality. I admit that the more I think about it, the more excited I feel, but I still want some answers. What physical risks are involved when fucking a dog? —S. M.
Detroit, Michigan

Physical risks aside, you stand to suffer more in the way of self-respect. You'll regret screwing the pooch after your current boyfriend has come and gone. I'm not trying to jinx your relationship. It's always a good idea to consider the worst-case scenario. Ask yourself, "What if I fuck a dog and do God knows what else for this guy, only to have him leave me once he's tired of me?" Your answer should come fairly easily.

The Magic Touch

I've heard that the secret to giving women killer orgasms is to stimulate the muscle between the anal cavity and the vagina by inserting a finger into the ass and the thumb into the cunt and rubbing vigorously. I'm doubtful that this will work, because all the action seems to be occurring far from the fabled G spot. Is there a basis to this method, or are all the finger-fucking success stories I've heard just bullshit? —B. L.
Chico, California

You're right; at first glance, there seems to be no reason for this method to work. However, around the HUSTLER offices, porn director Pierre Woodman claims to have great success with this very technique. The only way to truly know if it works is to try it out for ourselves. Pick up some willing babes and run some trials. I'll conduct my own experiment, and we'll compare notes.

Uncontrollable Squirt

I have an ultrasensitive snatch. The slightest bit of pressure, vibration or friction makes my pussy wet. I know I shouldn't complain, since many girls are dry as a bone down there, but it's really embarrassing to walk around with a gross wet spot on my skirt or slacks. Sometimes I'm sure that men can smell my lust seeping through my panties. I know for a fact that their dogs do; I can't walk 100 yards from a park without some unleashed hound stuffing his snout into my juicy crotch. What can I do about my overactive snatch? —J. P.
Little Rock, Arkansas

Try using female deodorant spray or one of the many foams, powders and towelettes manufactured to keep your cunt fresh as a daisy. Purchase panty liners to deal with the wet spots. If none of these options work, see a gynecologist. A healthy pussy should not stink and drip all day long.

"Leaving a newborn outside...no shots...no sanitation...newborn kept with animals...."

Jeanna Fine

Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth. Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lfp.com.

WALL St.
CAUTION:
Entering
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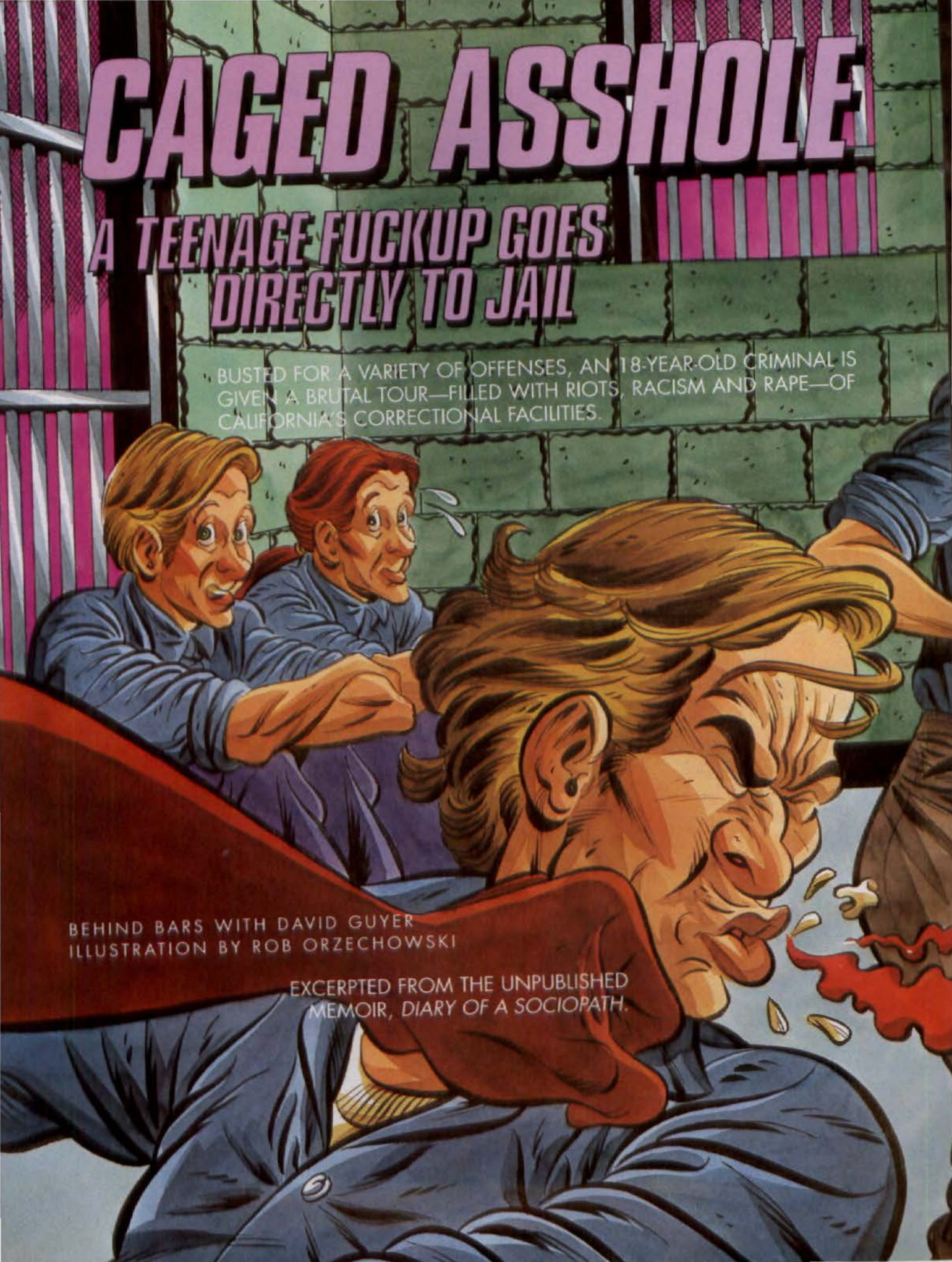
CRIME
Area

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **MATTI KLATT**

ABIGAIL AND PRISCILLA

BEACHED WAILERS

Maybe it's the waves slamming against the stony shore. Maybe it's the inspiring setting of jagged rocks jutting to the heavens. Or maybe ***the two sluts just need to fuck.*** ***Priscilla, the forceful brunette, pushes her plaything's head between her legs. Blond Abigail concedes to Priscilla's unspoken command, licking her bossy sweetheart's snatch.*** *The brunette quakes, announcing her climax to the sea with billowing howls of pleasure. Abigail flattens Priscilla on her back.* ***Priscilla's clit juts from its protective mound, and Abigail slams her frothing tongue into her partner's vulnerable nub. They fuck like the tide depends on their orgasms.***


CAGED ASSHOLE
A TEENAGE FUCKUP GOES DIRECTLY TO JAIL
BUSTED FOR A VARIETY OF OFFENSES, AN 18-YEAR-OLD CRIMINAL IS GIVEN A BRUTAL TOUR—FILLED WITH RIOTS, RACISM AND RAPE—OF CALIFORNIA'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITIES.
BEHIND BARS WITH DAVID GUYER
ILLUSTRATION BY ROB ORZECHOWSKI
EXCERPTED FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MEMOIR, *DIARY OF A SOCIOPATH*.

ROB ORZECHOWSKI

Caged Asshole

I sat handcuffed in the back of an unmarked police car. The cops looked at me as if I was the lowest form of shit. I was charged for a burglary that my friend and I committed some time ago. We broke into a house, ransacked it and found a cache of firearms, shotguns, rifles, handguns and a shitload of ammunition, which we stashed underneath my parents' house. When the Long Beach police arrested my younger brother for grand-theft auto, the cops convinced him to spill his guts. Subsequently, they happily busted my ass. I had now racked up three felony arrests within a four-month period, and all the charges but one were still pending. They told me they were going to send my ass to prison, that I was a career criminal, and that there was no hope for rehabilitation. *Gee, thanks, assholes!* I thought. I had just turned 18.

Being processed through L.A. County Jail is a thoroughly humiliating, disgusting and inhumane process. I was among drunks and drug addicts who lay in their own vomit, and career criminals on their way to the pen. A correctional officer spread my asshole and lifted my balls to delouse every inch of my body with white insecticide.

In the shower, an old, wrinkled man, who was barely standing against the white-tiled wall, bent over and sprayed diarrhea in five directions. An indescribable stench instantly enveloped the room, but everyone acted as if nothing had happened.

The guards put me in a holding cell, which was built to hold only 20 men. They packed the room with 80 of us—blacks, whites, felonies and misdemeanors, all mixed together, caged in one room for hours at a time. I lay on the cold concrete floor, using a roll of toilet paper as a pillow.

A correctional officer spread my asshole to delouse me. In the shower, an old, wrinkled man bent over and sprayed diarrhea in five directions.

It almost seemed normal. This is where I belonged. I was an asshole, and this is where all the assholes were.

Without warning, a huge black man hit an equally humongous white guy in the upper eye, causing a large chunk of flesh to fall from his face. The black guy grabbed the white dude's ear and ripped it from his skull as the Caucasian screamed in pain. They rolled around and continued to fight, both exchanging blows, blood flying everywhere.

The doors cracked open, and a swarm of deputies engulfed the combatants, prying them apart and dragging them from the holding tank. A puddle of blood followed them out. The gate crashed shut, and the disembodied piece of facial flesh sat quietly on the cold floor. I was shocked. In an instant, total violence had saturated my existence, and it scared the shit out of me.

Freezing air blasted the cells 24 hours a day. Men cried out into the evening, "Fuck the motherfuckers!" "I got all fucking day!" "What are they gonna do to me?" Everyone would try to talk over the blaring music, which the guards played over the P.A. system to torment us. The Eagles' "Hotel California," with its lyric, "You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave," must have been the most repeated song on the tape, and it drove me fucking crazy.

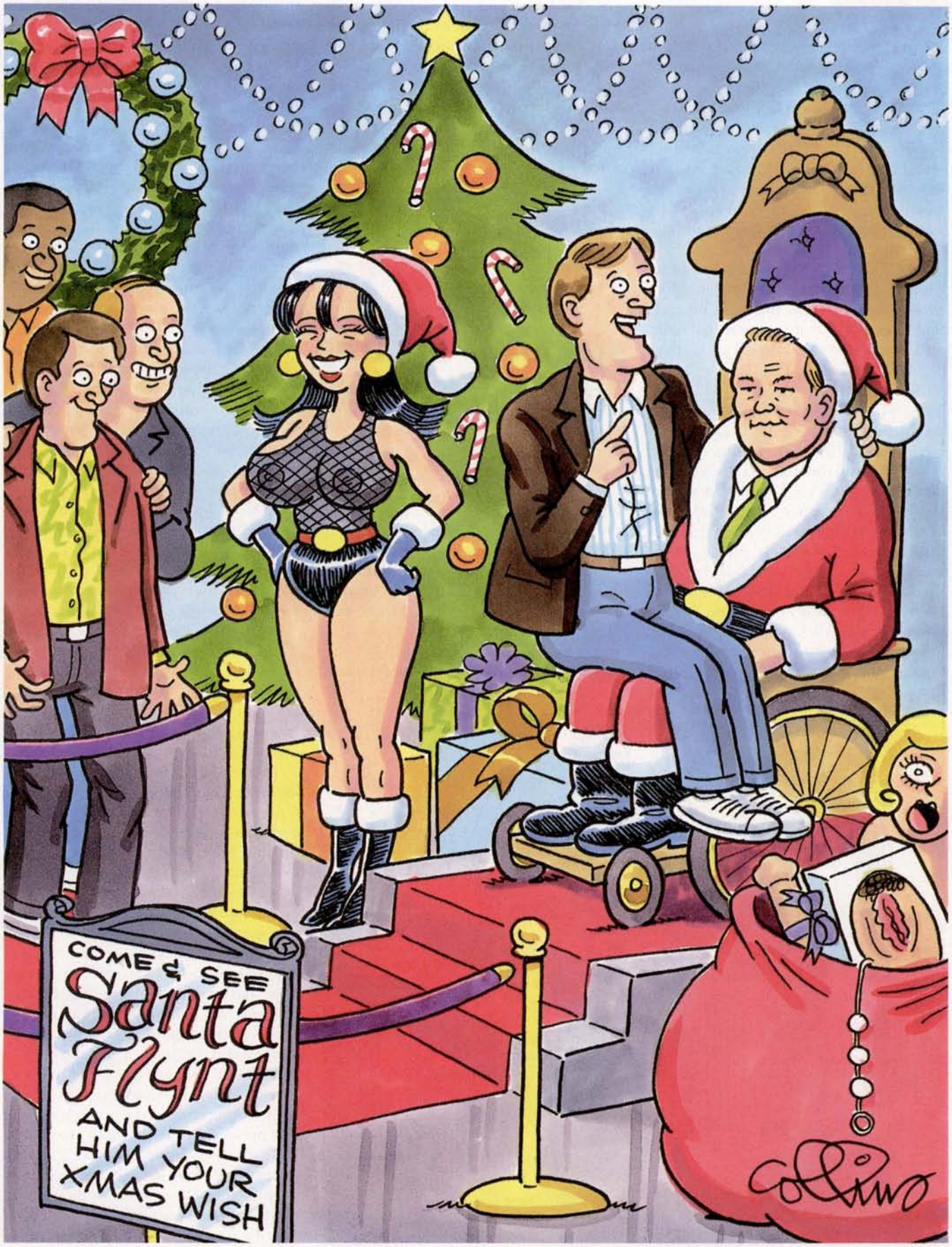
I somehow got along without an incident for four months. I went to court and was found guilty. I don't even recall what the fuck the judge said. I didn't care. I figured, *They gotta let me out sometime*. I had more charges pending in San Diego and Orange County. I was taken via police car to San Diego County Jail.

In San Diego, we were housed in dormlike settings that held 60 to 80 inmates at any given time. The place was laid out with rows of bunks, with a shower and a television-equipped day room at one end. I had graduated to being imprisoned with a new level of criminals, all of them felons.

Fortunately, I was a big kid. I had been locked up before, and I knew what the unwritten laws were. Fuck someone over, and expect to be fucked. Anyone who acts like a punk will soon be sucking dick. The guards never even bothered us. Because the prisoners were essentially allowed to run the facility, it was commonplace that young boys with no nerve sucked dick, were fucked in the ass and became slaves to the bigger and tougher cons. The weaker inmates were forced to give up whatever they ordered from the commissary or face having the shit beat out of them at best and fucking killed at worst. Motherfuckers died in here all the time, and who really gave a shit?

There was this one white, blond-haired kid, who had adapted to the

MISTER, OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD FEAR!
NO DOUBT. HE DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF A LOT OF WORDS.



"I want a blowjob and a penis enlargement and a subscription to HUSTLER."

cocksucking. He would suck the dick of anyone he thought would take care of him; subsequently, he sucked a lot of dick and often took it in the ass. I never had him suck my cock, but I pissed in his face one time. There was this other blond who continuously fucked with the little cocksucker. Day in and day out, he would hassle him—never sexually; he would just take his shit, push him and generally tyrannize him.

One day, the bully started fucking with the blond cocksucker and told him he was going to make him suck his dick. Suddenly, it was as if someone had ignited a bomb, and the little kid said, "Fuck off! You can suck *my* dick!"

Shocked, the bigger blond didn't know what to do. The little cocksucker jumped and punched his assailant right in the mouth, cracking him good. The two ended up on the floor, punching and rolling. The big kid started to win, beating the fuck out of the little guy. Without warning, one of the big, black inmates kicked the bully square in the face. The little guy immediately stood up to take advantage, kicking his would-be rapist repeatedly in the head. "You're gonna suck *my* dick now!" he screamed at the nearly unconscious body.

The small blond and some other inmates made the former bully clamber onto his knees and suck the little guy's cock. Every time the bully thought about stopping, someone would slap him in the face and make him continue sucking. The ordeal went on for hours, with numerous guys taking their turn, one after another. A couple of inmates shoved him in a bunk, covered the communal bitch with blankets and fucked him in the ass. The young boy cried in pain as cock was shoved into his virgin asshole.

"Gimme that fucking food, punk," he snarled. I stood up and slammed the tray right into his face. A stream of blood shot out.

This incident of black-and-white collaboration aside, the San Diego County Jail was truly racist; Nazis, blacks and Mexicans all hated each other. I had to join a side. I made friends with all the big whites. An inmate and I had made a jailhouse-tattoo kit. In the middle of the night, I tattooed two huge lightning bolts—a white-power insignia—across my arm, in plain sight for anyone to see. It was both an act of insanity and a statement that proclaimed, "Fuck you, and don't fuck with me!"

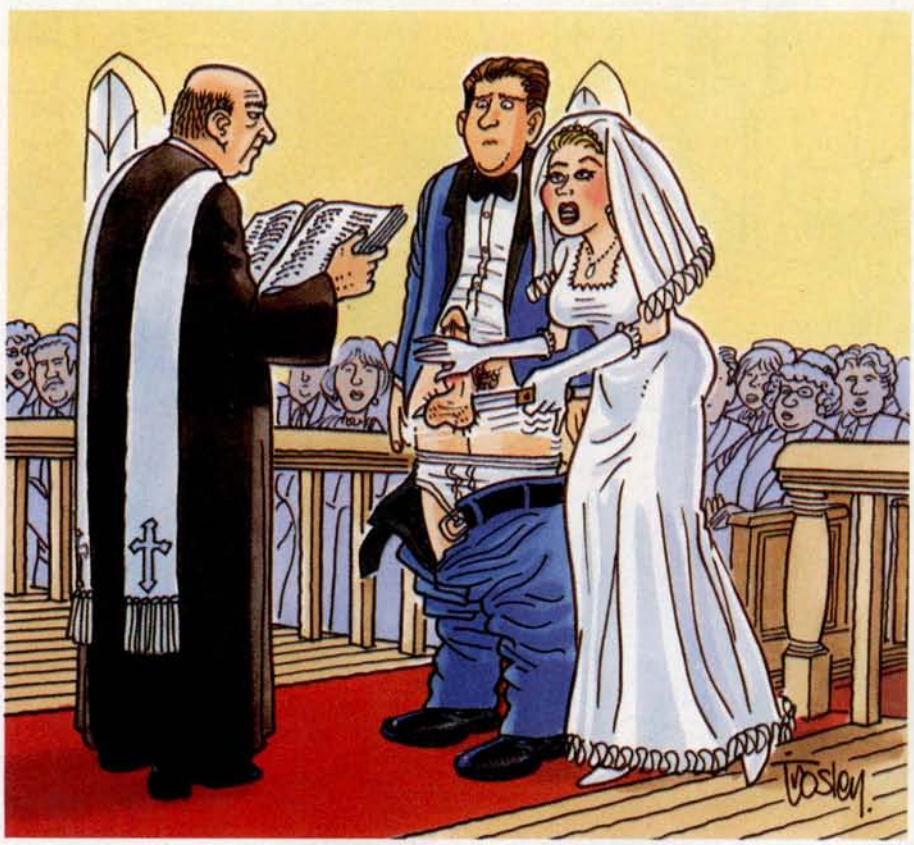
Before this, I had gone relatively unnoticed, and I never had a direct confrontation with the brothers. One day, I was eating the cold slop that passed as food when a big, black guy said some shit about the lightning bolts. I ignored him, hoping he would go away. He sat down right next to me. He was huge; he almost dwarfed me, and his arms were twice the size of mine. I saw in his face that he could smell my fear.

"Gimme that fucking food, punk," he snarled. I stood up, the fear flowing in my veins and adrenaline cranking through my body, and slammed the tray, food first, right into his face with all the might I could muster. It hit him hard with a thud, the food blinding him. I beat his face with the sharp edge of the tray. A stream of blood shot out. When he finally dropped, I kicked him in the face and walked away. "There's my fucking food, you cocksucker!" I screamed at him. "Anyone else?" I yelled. No one answered, and I went back to my bunk.

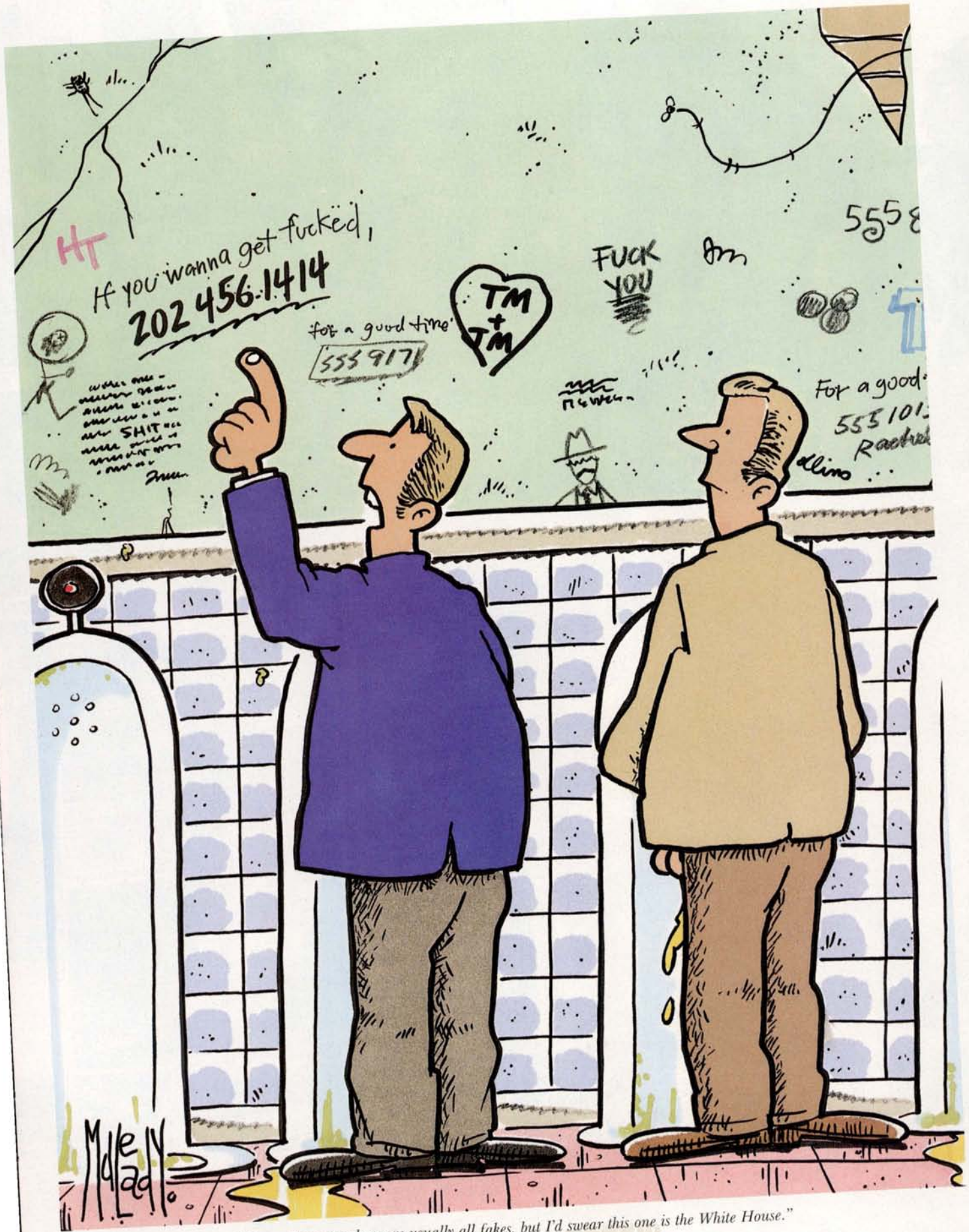
I was never really fucked with again. Time went by, and I drew pictures of roses that I sent home to my mother. I started working out, doing push-ups. I got to the point where I could do a thousand repetitions. There was nothing else to do.

I was finally found guilty of burglarizing a surfboard shop and transferred to Orange County for my final charges. I had no idea how long I had been locked up, and I didn't care. This place seemed like home. I had a level of acceptance in here, more so than I had ever experienced anywhere on the outside. I started to relate and exist as one of the inmates. I had an identity, a fucking crazy-ass white youngster who would go off. That was my label, and I carried it into Orange County.

I was put into a tank that housed about 20 inmates, all awaiting trial, the penitentiary or both. I got along with just about everybody. I particularly looked up to a Chicano junkie named Santos, an armed-robbery convict. In this arena, he was the man. He had a huge dragon tattoo on his chest that wrapped around his arm. At one time, he was built like a brick shithouse, but the heroin had sucked it all out of him. Still, he was my fucking idol. He called me Torpedo, and I did my best to live up to the billing. If *(continued on page 96)*



"I, Lisa, take these balls...."



"These phone numbers are usually all fakes, but I'd swear this one is the White House."

SUNTAN

SUNSET THOMAS

CROWNING THE PRINCESS OF PORN

BY LESTER INCANDENZA
CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Jimmy Flynt Sr. and son Dustin give Sunset a thumbs-up.

The HUSTLER Hollywood Store has closed its doors to the public this evening for a special celebration inducting Sunset Thomas and Jimmy Flynt into the Porn Walk of Fame—Larry Flynt's answer to Tinseltown's sidewalk commemoration of its luminaries. As industry VIPs file in, searchlights sweep the night sky over the Sunset Strip.

It's a fitting display for Sunset Thomas, who has become an adult-industry phenomenon, starting with her first pictorial and cover in the December 1991 edition of Larry Flynt's CHIC. Barely 19 at the time, Sunset quickly made the transition to video, using her sweet-faced, Southern gal appeal in more than 200 video titles to earn legions of fans. Her work in movies such as *Sex*, *Latex* and *Sex 2: Fate* for director Michael Ninn set new standards for production quality and outright heat in porn videos. At the close of the 1990s, Sunset made history when she became the first industry star to "appear" at Dennis Hof's Moonlite BunnyRanch bordello, taking the concept of "connecting with your fans" to a whole new level. Although many in the industry criticized Sunset's decision to work at the ranch, numerous blue-screen starlets soon followed in Sunset's footsteps once they saw the tremendous success she enjoyed. Along with regular engagements at the BunnyRanch, Sunset still tours the dance circuit and recently launched her own production company. After more than a decade at the top of the business, tonight Sunset's handprints and signature will join those of other industry greats, including Larry Flynt, Marilyn Chambers, Ginger Lynn and Seka.

Champagne flows as the crowd waits for Sunset to arrive. Shortly after seven o'clock, a limousine pulls up to the front of the store and the guest of honor makes her grand entrance. As Sunset pops out with her entourage, the madness begins. Before she even enters the store, Sunset flashes her famous snatch right on the sidewalk. Pedestrians gawk, and drivers narrowly avoid collisions.

As she makes her way inside the XXX emporium, photographers jostle to catch more shots of the straw-haired screen siren hiking up her cocktail dress, and the guests cheer every glimpse of pink. A mustachioed mason's eyes grow big as saucers when he takes a break from preparing the ceremonial wet cement to watch Sunset in action. "That's terrazzo marble," he beams when I inspect his handiwork. "The same stuff the movie stars use in front of Mann's Chinese Theater."

I manage to squeeze through the crowd with my tape recorder and corner Sunset.

"I'm feeling great!" she gushes. "This is a great honor to me. I feel like all the hard work I've done over the years is finally being appreciated."

When I try to set up a time for an in-depth conversation, Sunset gives my arm a squeeze and suggests, "You should come up and do it at the BunnyRanch—and get laid while you're there." Unfortunately, I don't think my editor will agree that I need a trip to Carson City, Nevada, to complete my assignment; so we make simpler arrangements.

Dennis Hof arrives with a few girls from the BunnyRanch who, along with curvy starlets such as Bunny Luv, Devinn Lane and Sunset's niece Sunrise Adams, keep the proceedings suitably wild.

I ask Sunrise Adams what brings her to the festivities. She proudly announces, "I'm here to support my aunt, Sunset Thomas. She got me into the business. That's how I got my name—Sunrise Adams. So we're here with Jimmy Flynt, Joey Buttafuoco and Dennis and some of his girls, and we're going to break it down, party and celebrate her big moment!"

Larry Flynt finally calms down the revelers somewhat, and the official ceremony begins. Larry smiles and sums up why he and so many others adore Sunset: "She is absolutely wonderful. To say that she's a legend is an understatement. When I first became familiar with Sunset Thomas, I thought, *She's so fresh,*

so beautiful—she looks like a flower. She looks like she's 16 years old, but she's been in this industry for ten years; how is that possible? Because if you go back over the last 30 years and you see the toll that being in this industry takes on a lot of the stars, you really can't understand how Sunset has stayed so vibrant and beautiful. She doesn't smoke. She doesn't take drugs—she just has lots of good sex. I will compare her with the very top, whether it be Jeanna Fine or Ginger Lynn or anybody else. As far as I'm concerned, Sunset really and truly ranks at the top of the list."

Touched by Larry's eloquent tribute, the audience issues a unanimous "*aww*," followed by a deafening cheer when Sunset yanks down her top and mashes her pert breasts into Larry's smiling face.

Once Sunset's hands are immortalized in terrazzo marble, the party moves to the Key Club on Sunset Boulevard, where attendees dance and celebrate Sunset late into the night.

When I catch up with Sunset and Dennis Hof a few days later, she's warm and cheerful as always. Regarding her current schedule Sunset explains, "I'm working at the BunnyRanch with my fans. That keeps me busy, and I really enjoy it. And the thing is, when my fans come out to see me, it's like a big fantasy for them to be with Sunset Thomas—like, 'Oh, my God, this is Sunset, and I'm actually going to get to fuck Sunset Thomas!' But you know, they don't realize that it's a big fantasy for me too. It's a big turn-on that I'm actually having sex with my fans. It sounds kind of crazy, and kind of weird, but it's a big fantasy for me."

Asked how far she will actually go with her fans, Sunset laughs, "I get pretty damn crazy. The only thing I won't do, which I've lately had a couple of calls on, is I don't get into pissin' on someone or shittin' on someone. That, to me, is borderline. I've been having this one guy call me, wanting me to do that, and I say, 'Dude, I just don't go there. I do a lot for my fans, but I'm not going there.'"

I ask if Sunset has entertained any big-name clients at the BunnyRanch who tried to keep their visits incognito. Sunset classily responds, "Look, if I do see someone famous—and there are a couple of them—I won't give out their names if they don't want me to. I don't need to use their names to get popular; I'm popular enough."

Hof, however, can't resist recounting one particularly amusing encounter: "On an auction site, we put up a job to be a production assistant on Sunset's movie, *Bunnies Gone Wild*. This guy comes in there, and pays a lot of money to be a lube boy and fetch dildos, and do this and that."

Halfway through the shoot, Hof and several others did a triple take when they realized that their lube boy was the owner of a championship-winning sports franchise.

"When my fans come see me, it's like a big fantasy for them—'Oh, my God, I'm going to fuck Sunset Thomas!' But it's a big fantasy for me too."

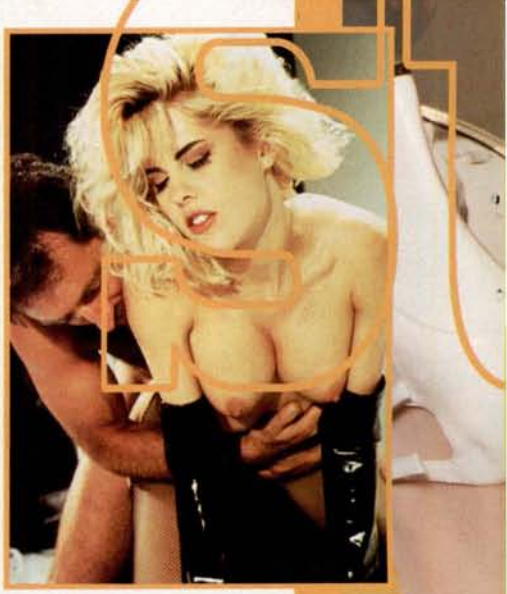
"Yeah," Sunset giggles, "and there I was, making him be my slave boy!"

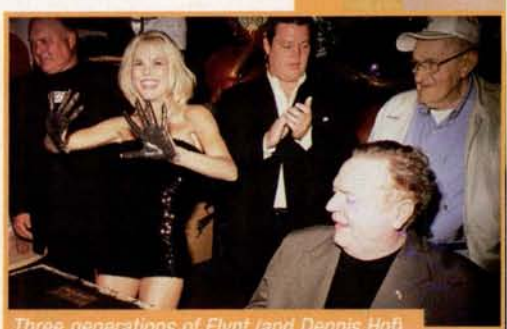
Sunset's friendship and partnership with Hof have definitely been fruitful. She now divides her time between her horse ranch in Carson City and a luxurious home in Las Vegas. She owns a production company, Sunset Thomas Studios, which will put out the aforementioned *Bunnies Gone Wild* tapes featuring girls from the BunnyRanch.

Sunset has already set the next stage of her career in motion: "I know I'm not going to be able to go in front of the camera forever. That's why I'm directing now, while still working in front of the camera. It gets the fans used to knowing that I'm working behind the camera too. Eventually I'll just be directing."

Wherever the future takes her, this beauty from Sikeston, Missouri, has already had an immeasurable impact on the industry, and she's finally receiving the recognition that's due her. But what makes Sunset truly endearing is that success has brought her closer to her fans, rather than isolated her from them. When I prod her for any final words to her admirers, Sunset smiles and intones sincerely, "Come and see me at the BunnyRanch."

That's definitely an invitation no one should pass up.





Three generations of Flynt (and Dennis Hof) admire Sunset's handiwork.

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HUSTLER Humor

Rosie O'Donnell and her driver were cruising down a country road when a cow ran in front of the limo. Unable to avoid the beast, the driver slammed into the animal, killing it. Eyes brimming with tears, Rosie implored her driver to walk to the nearby farmhouse and explain the accident to the owners. Following her orders, the driver left. Nearly two hours later, the chauffeur staggered back to the limo holding a bottle of champagne in one hand and a cigar in the other.

"What the hell happened?" Rosie demanded.

"Well," the driver began, "the farmer gave me this fine cigar, his wife gave me the champagne, and their gorgeous daughter gave me an awesome blowjob."

"My God, why?" the portly talk-show host brayed.

"I dunno," he shrugged. "I just walked up to the door and said, 'I'm Rosie O'Donnell's driver, and I just killed the cow.'"

Question: How many America West pilots does it take to fly from Miami to Phoenix?

Answer: Two and one fifth.

God summoned George W. Bush, Vladimir Putin and Ariel Sharon to heaven. "I'm sick of all of you," He intoned, "so I've decided to destroy the world."

Bush returned to America and addressed his people. "I've got good news and bad news," he announced. "The good news is there is a God. The bad news is He's going to destroy the world."

Speaking to the Russians, Putin lamented, "I've got bad news and worse news—there is a God, and He's going to destroy the world."

Sharon gathered the Israelis and proclaimed, "I've got good news and great news. There is a God—and there will never be a Palestinian state!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Santa's helpers* as: subordinate Clauses.

One morning, a man on crutches hobbled into a little church. He stopped in front of the holy water, sprinkled some on both legs, and then threw away his crutches. An altar boy witnessed the scene and ran into the rectory to tell the priest what he'd just seen.

"Son, you've just witnessed a miracle!" the priest said. "Tell me, where is this man now?"

"Flat on his ass over by the holy water," the boy informed him.

After drinking all afternoon, a guy suddenly puked all over his shirt. "Oh, man," the souse wheezed. "My wife is gonna kill me."

The bartender looked at him and said, "Tell you what; put a $20 bill in your top pocket and tell your wife that some lush got sick all over you, and then gave you 20 bucks to get your shirt cleaned."

The drunk staggered home, told his wife the bartender's story and handed her the money.

"But there's $40 here," his wife said.

"Yeah," he slurred. "Sonofabitch shit my pants too."

Question: How did the hemophiliac blonde die?

Answer: She tried to cure herself with acupuncture.

An old man was watching television at a retirement home when an old hag ran up in front of him, jerked her gown over her head and screeched, "Super pussy!"

The old man squinted and said, "I'll take the soup."

A baby was born that was so advanced, he could talk. He looked around the delivery room and saw the doctor.

"Are you my doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," the stunned medic replied.

"Thank you for taking good care of me during birth," the baby said, then looked at his mother. "Are you my mother?"

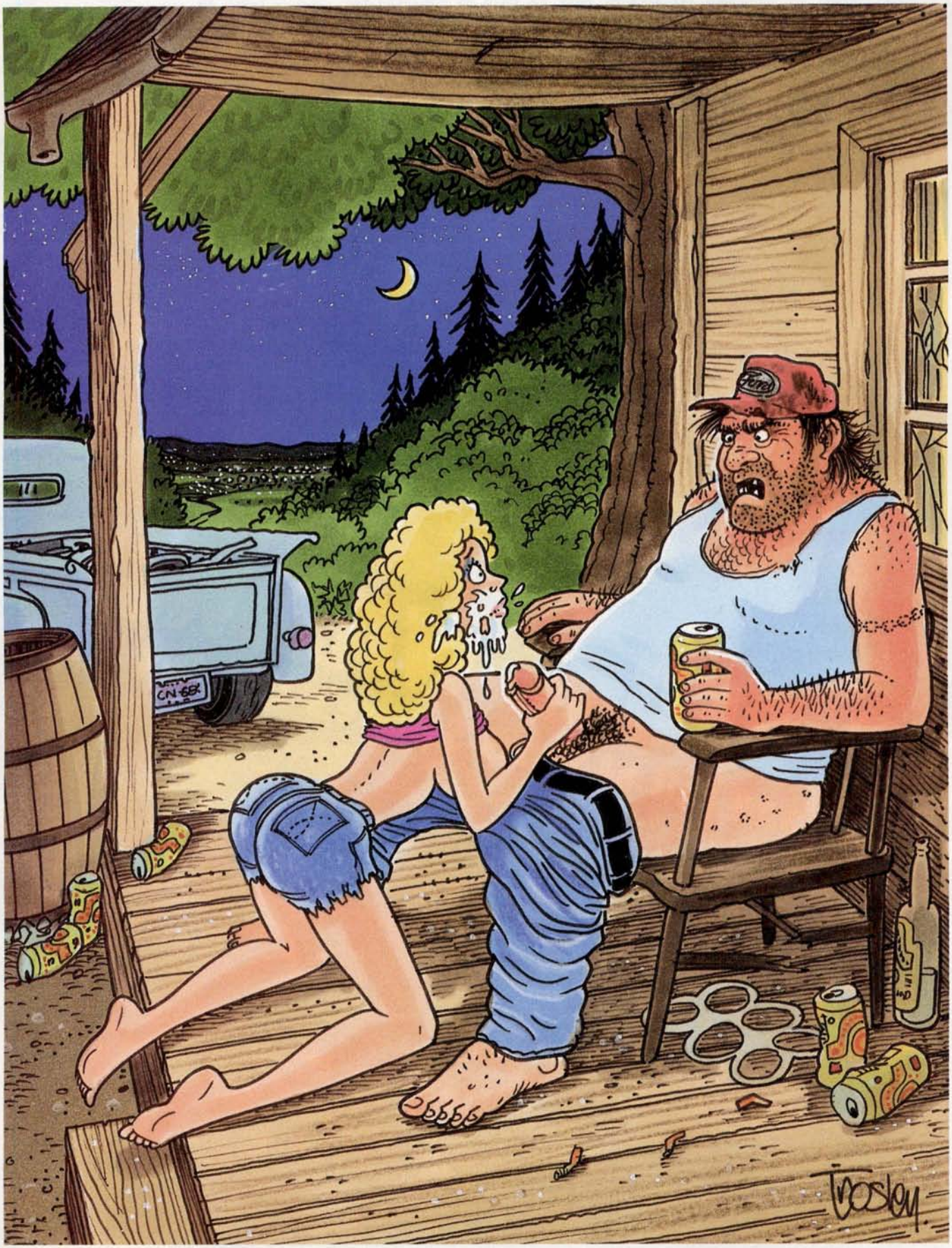
"Yes!" the proud mom gushed.

"Thank you for taking good care of me before I was born," the newborn cooed and turned to his father. "Are you my daddy?"

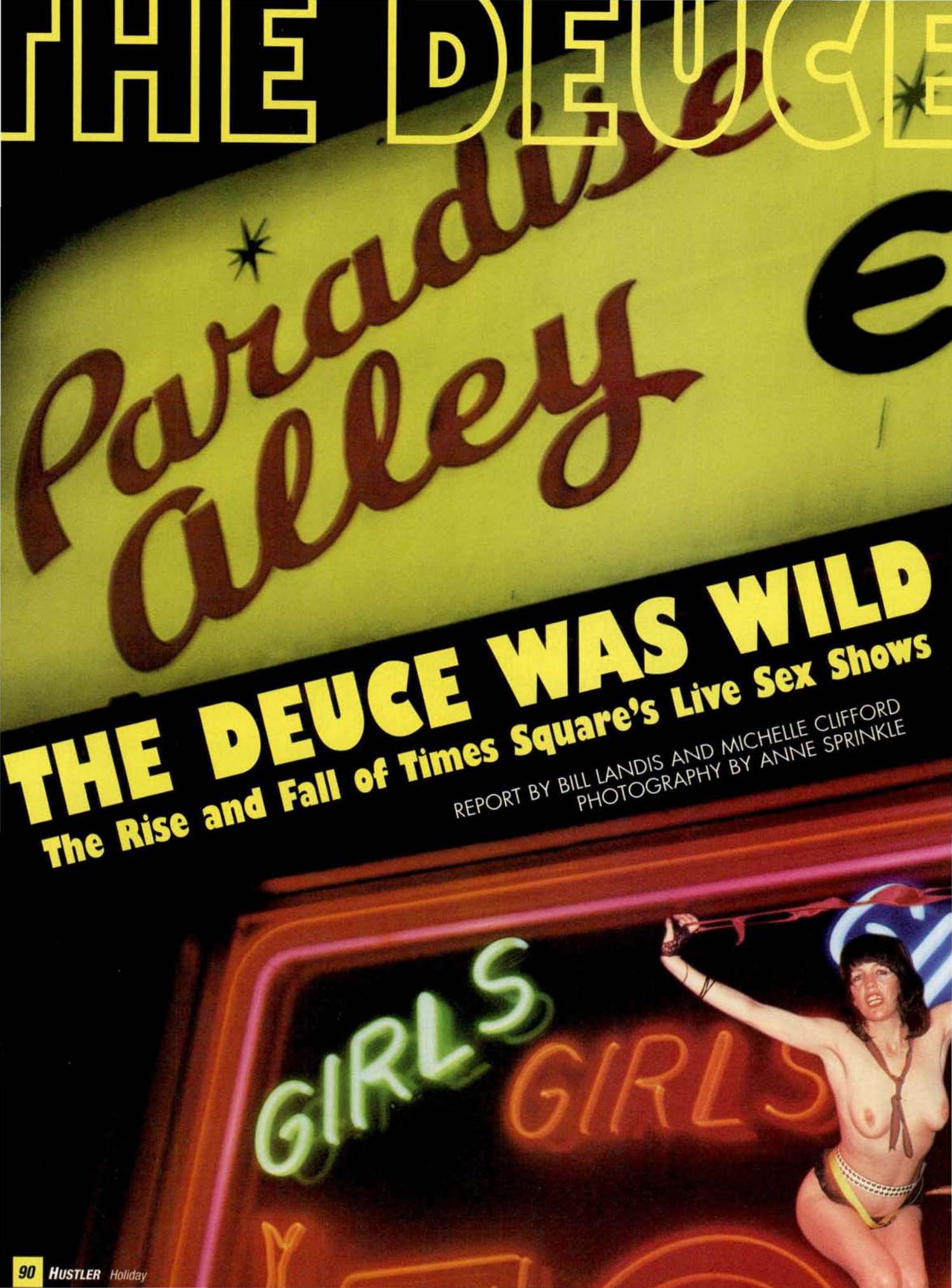
"Yes," the father answered.

The baby motioned for his father to come closer. When his dad approached, the child rapidly poked his parent in the eye five times with his tiny fist and yelled, "I want you to know that fucking hurts!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lflp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Hell no, Cindy Lou. I can't let you drop out of school and turn pro. What kind of father would that make me?!"

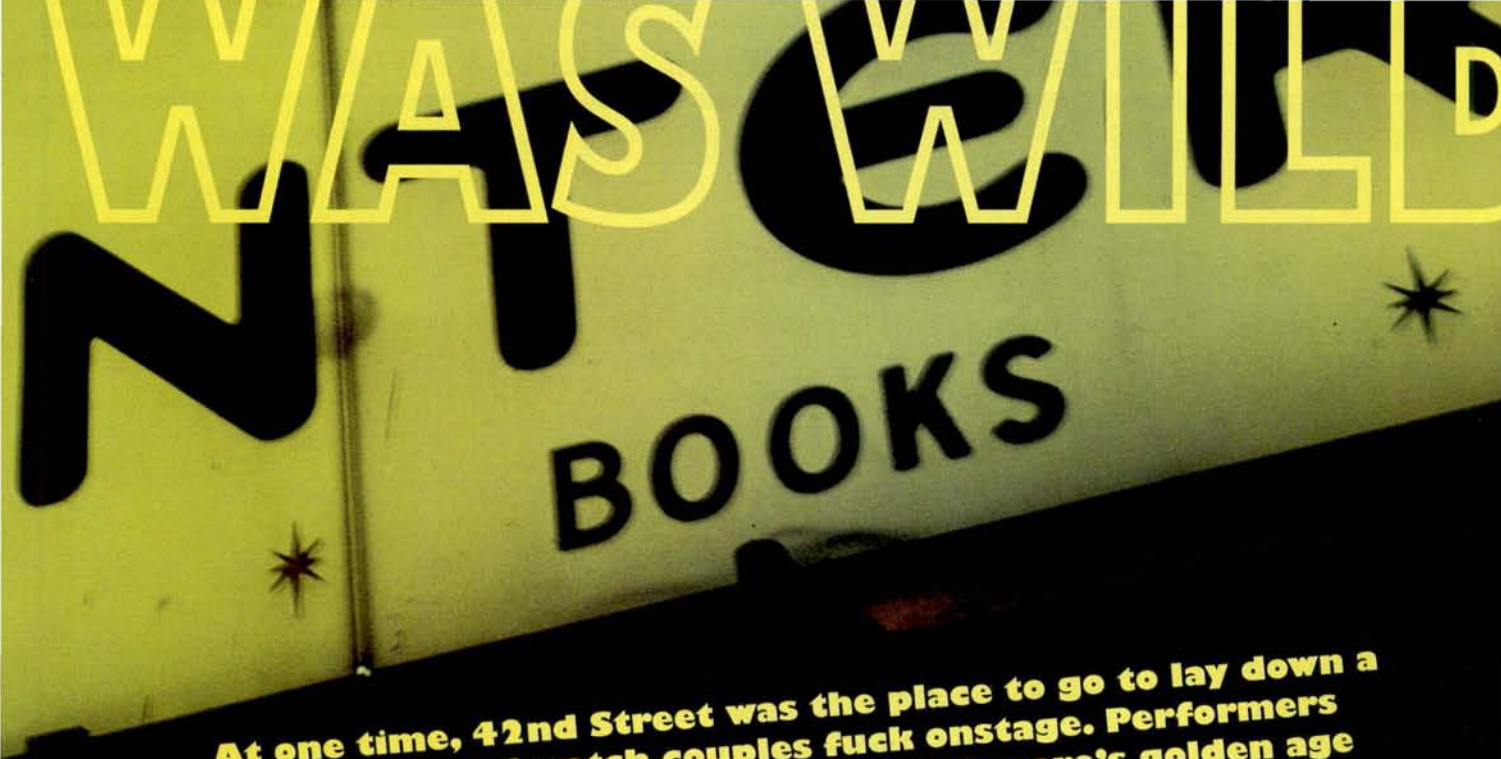


THE DEUCE WAS WILD

The Rise and Fall of Times Square's Live Sex Shows

REPORT BY BILL LANDIS AND MICHELLE CLIFFORD
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANNE SPRINKLE

WAS WILD



At one time, 42nd Street was the place to go to lay down a few bucks and watch couples fuck onstage. Performers and showgoers look back on Times Square's golden age of raunch theatrics.

It's the winter of 1978. Inside Times Square's Doll Theater, a lone space heater, which has been shoved dangerously close to a mattress on the stage, attempts to warm the freezing patrons who stroke their cold penises as they watch a XXX film unfold on the screen.

The porn flick abruptly stops in midthrust, and a spotlight beams down on the makeshift bed, indicating that the sexual extravaganza is about to begin.

The projectionist pops in an audiocassette of Michael Jackson's "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough." Carmen, a petite, shapely girl with long, black hair, walks briskly down the theater's main aisle and climbs onto the stage to a smattering of applause. The dancer strips down to a black string bikini, hops on the dirty mattress and gyrates a "come fuck me" signal to the audience with her pelvis.

After the stripper removes both pieces of her slinky bathing suit and spreads her moist pussy for her ogling admirers, her male partner, Carlos—a dark, Puerto Rican stud with short, curly hair—joins her onstage. Carlos removes his shirt and pants, and the couple, always keeping the audience's view in mind, engages in a Kama Sutra display of hard-core sex: pussy-eating, cocksucking and various positions—missionary, legs over her head, sideways, reverse cowgirl and others that defy simple categorization. For the finale, the performers fuck doggy-style until the Puerto Rican stud shoots his load all over his co-star's ass. The music stops, and the porn movie resumes.

"Carlos was a true case of satyriasis," remembers Fred Yale (some names have been changed), who was the manager of the Doll. "He could easily sexually perform ten to 14 shows a day, climaxing at the end of each one. Carlos had a bad problem with freebase, and it eventually gave him jaundice. He came down from basing by fucking Carmen until he could just pass out."

Today, Carlos and Carmen live with their two children in Puerto Rico, where Carlos works for his father's limo service.

* * *

Back in the raunchy days of Times Square, before prudish city officials sanitized and Disney-fied the infamous sleaze district, there were numerous venues where a needy voyeur could pay to see couples fuck onstage. A variety of adult-entertainment joints—including Show World, Blackjack Books, the Hollywood Theater and the Roxy—offered live sex revues as part of their smut repertoire. The Roxy had the reputation of being the most low-down of them all; anyone who lingered in front of the porn house would be propositioned by a streetwalker/show performer as her pimp/partner hung menacingly over her shoulder.

Of all the XXX establishments, the

Helpful Tips for Live-Sex-Show Patrons

WATCHING TWO STRANGERS FUCK ON A CUM-SOAKED MATTRESS IS THAT MUCH MORE ENJOYABLE IF YOU FOLLOW A FEW SIMPLE SUGGESTIONS

>>Bring a Flashlight.
Porn theaters often have poor illumination. A portable, battery-operated light comes in handy for power outages and looking deep into a performer's snatch.

>>Tipping Will Get You Everywhere.
Generous donations for the girls will often lead to extra favors. For a dollar, she may sit on your lap; for a few bucks more, she might even sit on your face.

>>Don't Forget Reading Material.
Perusing a newspaper is a great way to pass the time between shows and allows you to ignore horny male audience members who want to "help" you masturbate. A newspaper can also shield you from any flying semen that may come your way.

>>Don't Extinguish Cigarettes on the Girls' Breasts.
Use an ashtray or, at the very least, the floor to dispose of cigarette butts. Just because a performer's abusive pimp/boyfriend puts out his Kool on her tits, doesn't give you the same privilege.

>>Find a Prime Viewing Location.
Choosing a seat is probably the most important decision you'll make when viewing live sex. Pick an unfortunate angle like these gentlemen have, and you'll be staring at a dude's ass for half an hour.

>>No Shoes, No Shirt, No Service.
Do not remove any clothing unless specifically instructed to do so by a porn-house employee. Although extremely thin, there is still a line at live-sex venues between performer and audience.

Avon theater chain, which made the carnal performances an integral part of its business, was the most synonymous with in-the-flesh sex shows. In 1969, Avon's Bryant Theater was the first to present live-sex acts. The Avon corporation had a host of theaters that stretched from the Deuce to 48th Street, six blocks away: The Avon Love, Avon 42, Bryant, Doll and Avon 7 were all links in Avon's daisy chain of depravity.

The theaters' early shows were Tijuana-by-way-of-Manhattan affairs, with threadbare *Oh! Calcutta!* aspirations. The performances consisted of nude, soft-core displays by such soon-to-be-porno-chic thespians as Jamie Gillis, Jason and Tina Russell, and Marc "10½" Stevens.

"I had a good time doing [the shows] because sex was truly important to me," says Gillis who, along with many of the Avon's other performers, was hired by Bob Wolfe, the man behind the infamous Linda Lovelace dog-fucking loops. "As for other couples, it was like watching people fuck in hell—endless repetition of the sex act, day after day, with no real interest—it was a job."

In the beginning of the live-sex-show era, theaters went to absurd lengths to protect themselves from obscenity busts. "[The performances] had to have 'redeeming social value,'" recalls Gillis. "I was in a classical-repertory company at night; so I read poetry and Shakespeare while the girl danced. The theater was upstairs from the loop booths and the magazines. A bell would sound if it was suspected that a cop was going to come up, and then we would tone things down." Precautions aside, many live-sex-show couples in the early days were arrested.

In 1972, porn went mainstream with the success of the film *Deep Throat*, and around 1974, as theaters showed more controversial films—such as interracial fuck flicks and S&M roughies—without being busted, the live-fucking presentations became more explicit as well. As fewer performers were being taken to jail, they inched forward, harder and harder. By the early '80s, Avon's live shows were billed as half-hour attractions and featured explicit sex, lasting 20 to 25 minutes, usually concluding with a cum-shot sprayed onto the girl's back, face, tits or stomach.

For the finale, the performers fuck doggy-style until the Puerto Rican stud shoots his load all over his co-star's ass.

Most theaters paid couples the same paltry $20 per show from the early 1970s through the early 1980s. One shift was four to five shows; a double was eight to ten. "I think we made, like, $80 a day," says Victoria Valentine, a woman with a supermodel's striking aquiline good looks who eventually became a well-known porn actress. "At that time, I was working for *Psychology Today* magazine, making $125 a week with taxes taken out. So I was making much more money [as a sex performer]."

Valentine began her live-sex career in 1979. "I wanted to make some money to go home to Vegas for Christmas. The guy I was rooming with suggested we do this. He was fine in bed at home on a one-to-one basis but, if he had to perform in front of an audience, he couldn't sustain an erection; so I decided to do it with my boyfriend at the time, Billy. He was a musician.

"At first, it was very sexy, because there's a rush of exhibitionism. The first show—it was very successful. We were so jazzed up that we went in the dressing room and screwed just for ourselves. We learned that we had to pace ourselves. We did about six shows a day. He would come only about two or three times a day. We would simulate the other ones. He'd use brewer's yeast and vitamin E to keep it up. It's sexy seeing people who really want to screw each other, but you could have really bad performers. There were people up there who really looked like the walking dead."

Valentine eventually quit the live shows due to burnout. "For a person like me who likes sex, it's not a very good thing to be doing because, if you're having sex six times a day, six days a week, rain or shine, that's not exciting. It got to be too much of a job."

Theater manager Fred Yale began his career in sleaze in 1982, working for the Avon chain as a projectionist and box-office attendant at the Bryant. "I was referred through a union-projectionist friend. The union guy only worked once a week, even though his name was in the roster for the whole week to satisfy the union. The rest of

the week, it was nonunion workers like me. It was a scam.

"The audience was always crowded, especially Sundays, when the family-deprived were all the more lonely. These guys always demanded that penny change from the $1.99 admission."

Eventually, Yale was given a chance to work as a live-sex performer. "My first show was with a girl named Saffire. She worked with an obnoxious junkie hustler. Her hair was thinning from drug usage, or perhaps one too many raven-black dye jobs. Her partner was strictly faggot, but capable of performing with a female. He mainly used the shows to show the potential tricks in the audience how straight he was. One day, he gets a well-paying trick, doesn't show up, and I'm offered his spot. I hated Saffire. I got through the show with the help of some Percodans I was already on. Her pussy felt surprisingly tight, but not very wet. I was afraid I was going to pick up some deathly disease from her. We did one show and parted bitter ways. Since I was also responsible for hiring and firing the teams, I made sure Saffire and her partner got the heave-ho pretty quickly right after this."

Not all of Yale's live-sex experiences were negative. He remembers being asked by Jill, a girl he was very fond of, to fill in for her male partner. "I was a little nervous because I felt something for her, and I didn't want to lose composure during the act. Jill was a little of everything ethnicwise—part white, Oriental, black and part Latino. She was short and buxom. Jill opened the show with a strip and some split-beaver flashes. I got onstage, I did some pussy-eating, she sucked my cock, and we got down to fucking. Her pussy felt wet and comfortable. My cock felt wanted and well-received. We had a simultaneous orgasm, which was rare for that milieu. We finished up missionary style, and I came on her belly after her pussy contractions really got me off. As we were dressing in the booth, we kissed. Jill was pleased that it worked out so well between us. It brought us closer."

"Once, I held up a dollar bill, and she sat on my cock and fucked me for a dollar!"

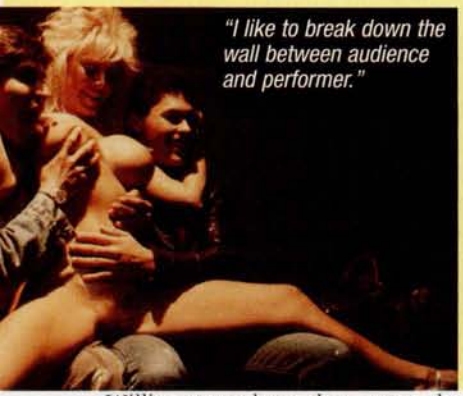
To make more cash, some male performers would pimp their female partners to horny patrons between shows. Willie, a dapper Marvin Gaye lookalike who ran the Satin Ballroom, Avon's "dime a dance" parlor above the Doll, recalls a bargain he scored from a performer named Tish. "Tish would walk through the audience scrounging for tricks," recalls Willie. "Once, I held up a dollar bill, and she sat on my cock and fucked me for a dollar!"

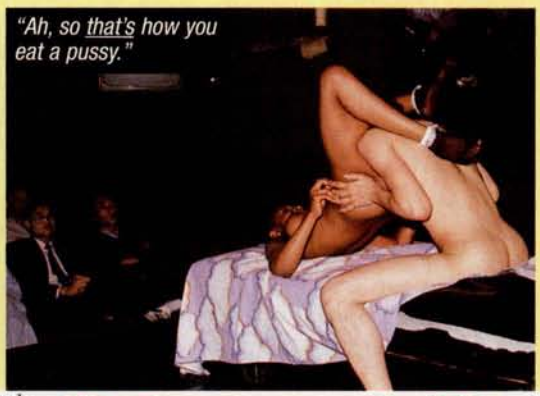
Some male performers also hustled themselves to lonely queers or played a bisexual role in threeways with their partners. "The lowest of the Avon live-show teams was Duran and Silver," remembers Willie. "Duran would let old men blow him for $10 so he could buy a bag of dope. He'd tie off on the public

"We've finally entered the glamorous world of showbiz."

stairway between the Doll's main floor and the toilets downstairs, and squirt the excess blood out of his works right on the steps. Duran was a walking STD/IV-drug-user disease pit.

"Silver was his white girlfriend slave, whom he had taught to be a hooker. Silver was originally from West Virginia. Although she was only in her 20s, the drugs had collapsed the muscles in her face, and she looked much older. She met Duran just after she got off the bus at the Port Authority Bus Terminal and had her life stage-directed by him ever since. Their stage act was an obvious call to any tricks in the audience."


"I like to break down the wall between audience and performer."


"Ah, so that's how you eat a pussy."

"Why hasn't anyone complimented me on my new earrings?"

Willie remembers that, even though Duran and Silver were junkies, they performed a spirited, trashy sex show. "Silver sucked cock well, and they gave a vigorous display of fucking, with Duran sometimes coming despite all of the drugs floating through him," recalls Willie fondly.

Some couples worked the Times Square scene so consistently that they became stars—featured attractions that dedicated audience members wanted to see again and again. David and Loni were one such pair, and one of the few white-on-white teams to work the Deuce. "They worked the whole circuit—Blackjack and Show World, along with the Avon theaters," remembers Yale. "Both Times Square minority denizens and tourists looked at them as virtually an anthropology exhibit of a white couple in the act of copulation."

David and Loni had been together since their early teens. They were both faux bikers from Long Beach, Long Island. David was a skinny, intense-looking dark guy. Loni was a spent blonde. They were both tattooed, David heavily and Loni lightly.

David's tattoos stemmed not only out of personal style, but to hide his track marks. By 1983, David and Loni were each consuming ten bags, or $100 worth, of heroin each day. The dope didn't affect David's sexual performance, but the drugs became too much for him. He blew out so many veins that he was driven to shoot up in his jugular. To wean himself off dope, David began a methadone program.

David was among the few male performers who didn't hustle; instead, he pimped out Loni. Eventually, someone knocked her up. While no one was certain if David or some john was the biological father, the couple called their son—who appeared onstage in utero well into Loni's pregnancy—"little David."

Jack LeFleur, a committed voyeur and self-proclaimed sexual connoisseur, found the shows at the Bryant gratifying, whether the performers were lacking or not. "The price was right—$1.99. You'd pay more going to the Blarney Stone for a couple beers. Of course, it was better when the guy could get it up, but it felt good to be in a sea of fellow perverts, no one judging anyone else—everyone being themselves, no matter what that might entail. My hobby is sex, and that's not something you can talk about with many people. So, for a change, I felt like part of a group."

"An innocuous-looking Oriental man slashed up one performer with a razor blade."

The live-sex shows attracted all types of audience members, including females. "I did see women in the audience occasionally," says Valentine. "But usually, they were women of the night."

While most patrons attended the shows to fulfill a sexual need, Willie remembers one audience member who used a porn palace to vent his hostility. "At Blackjack Books, the audience was almost on top of the show couple as they performed on a small revolving stage," recalls Willie. "An innocuous-looking Oriental man took advantage of this proximity and slashed up one of the performers with a razor blade."

To save his own ass, Willie ran out of the theater before he could see what happened. When he went back to work the next day, he was told that the girl had to go to the hospital and that the Asian perpetrator had escaped. The girl claimed she didn't know her assailant.

Many Times Square workers graduated to adult films and print pornography, including Gillis, who went on to star in porn classics such as *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* and *800 Fantasy Lane*. Even today, approaching senior-citizen status, Gillis appears in fetish tapes and the occasional shot-on-video, hard-core flick.

As the live-sex couples were appearing in porn films, many blue-screen actresses were lured to the Times Square scene. "In 1981, they started doing live porn-star burlesque theaters," recalls XXX actress Annie Sprinkle, who has since moved on to art-world legitimacy with her show, *Annie Sprinkle's History of Porn*. "They started realizing that they could make money from having porn stars doing sex shows at Show World, because guys just packed the place."

While the majority of live teams were toiling for migrant-worker wages, Sprinkle claims that she cleaned up from her live stints. "I never made less than $3,000 to $5,000 a week—$2,500 at the smallest," says Sprinkle, whose act combined old-fashioned Miami burlesque, modern performance art and explicit raunch at the landmark scumatorium Show World. "They would kind of sprinkle the live-sex shows in with featured dancers. Monica Kennedy was quite famous in Show World. She'd do a strip, and then she'd go fuck and suck

all the guys in the audience.

"I did a show at the Avon 7 with George Payne when our movie, *Kneel Before Me,* came out. We did kind of an S&M show with a blowjob and golden showers. We really got into it. I just wanted to take it as far as it could go, and he was with me on that. With our porn backgrounds, we were used to putting on more of a characters-type thing. Whereas most of the sex-show people were there just to perform sex, the porn people brought in this different feel to it."

At the close of the 1980s, the Avon Theater chain had been shut down by the creeping redevelopment of Times Square. Simultaneously, as the AIDS epidemic spread, live shows became not merely a point of public lewdness but a health hazard. "It got boring and deadly," says Yale, who dropped out of porn and has been married for 17 years.

Show World was the last venue permitted to squeeze dollars out of live-sex shows, and even that well began to dry up when the legendary porn palace began requiring its performers to take AIDS tests. There's not much that could rattle people who were grizzled enough to fuck on a stage for a measly 20 bucks, but everybody has a limit; many of the anonymous show couples—the nonporn stars—weren't about to submit to invasive AIDS tests for a mere $20 trick.

Today, Show World is one of the last remaining Times Square porn houses, but the legendary sex pit no longer has live-sex performances, or even peep-show girls. Perverts must resort to jacking off to the glow of a XXX video in closet-size whack booths. The only live performances found at Show World now are arty, often city-sponsored, off-off-Broadway plays. Where the Doll Theater once thrived, a deli now resides, and the Hollywood Theater has been turned into a New York City tourist center.

What ultimately brought about the end of the live-sex-show era was the same drive that created it: greed. At first, when city health codes forbidding public sex were used to close down the porn palaces, theater owners resisted and tried to remain open. As the fight continued, the real estate became more valuable. Eventually, shutting down the sex venues served the theater owners' self-interest; with the land worth more as a Disney arcade or a chain restaurant than a masturbation den, landlords could sell or rent their property for millions of dollars, and Times Square was made safe for families and *The Lion King*.

Porn Stars Remember Show World

>>Kitten Natividad (www.kittenklub.com)

"All the fucking perverts in New York were there, and thank God for them, but I'm glad I don't have to do it anymore. It wasn't so wonderful following the sex show. I don't know where they got these people, but when I had to go do my show, it just stunk like high heaven—the stink from the sex and the guys' dirty sweat and the balls and the cunts. This guy was sitting in the front row; he was wearing men's shoes, stockings, a garter belt and women's underwear, and he had a shirt and a tie, and he's there jacking off—they're all jacking off. I met a lot of 'pinkie guys'—they weren't into fucking or sucking; they were into licking toes—just freaky shit like that, wearing women's underwear. At some of my shows nice couples were there enjoying it. I really miss Show World. I miss the smell of urine and leftover sperm and the slipping and sliding when I went through the aisle stepping on all that sperm. Yes, honey, I miss it."

>>Sharon Mitchell

"I got busted [at Show World] once—before I took off any of my clothes. Back then, you did five songs, and I was peeling them off and, on my third song, my deejay cut the music. The audience was booing and throwing stuff. I stepped offstage, and a detective said, 'Come on, we're going for a ride downtown.' He starts inching his way into my dressing room, trying to see my genitals, because it's necessary for them to get a description of your genitalia to prove that they have really seen you naked. So I start fucking with him, letting him know that maybe I'm a man, maybe I'm a woman. They ended up putting me in the tranny tank in the Tombs to hold me. [The detective] said, 'Sooner or later, you'll have to pee, and we'll find out whether you're a man or a woman.' Well, I can pee in urinals standing up, always could; so I walk into the men's room, and I unzip my pants, and I pee into this urinal. Eventually the case was dismissed for several different reasons, including [that] he didn't have any description of my genitalia."

>>Annie Sprinkle

"I had planned to have my ashes sprinkled at Show World; it was in my will. I've since changed the will. I thought of it as kind of a sleazy church where people could come and worship pussy. Granted, people were jerking off and coming all over the place, but it was a place where people could be free to be the sexual beings that they were, or the creepy-crawly things that they were sometimes, but there were some wonderful people. A lot of us did it with the audience. This was before AIDS—a lot of the women let guys eat them out, or there was stroking of penises and things like that. At the Harmony, they used to call it 'box lunch.' There would be, like, ten women lying on the stage with their legs spread—it was a smorgasbord. Guys would line up like in church getting a wafer, and they could hand a woman a dollar or two and then eat them out. Then, after the guy was done, they would use baby wipes on their pussies; so basically you didn't really taste much pussy, you tasted baby wipe. But it was a way to get the other guys' spit off. The stage would be covered with crumpled baby wipes and crumpled dollar bills."

>>Taliesin the Bard (a/k/a Will Jarvis)

"Juliet 'Aunt Peg' Anderson would come out in a business suit, which is so much sexier than someone stripping out of lingerie. Hyapatia Lee was there, and her husband would carry her out as if she was a robot or a mannequin. She would be in the frozen position, and he would stand her up, put her onstage, and then she would slowly become animated and strip. We did creative stuff like that. Once, we were taking a couple of publicity shots of Ashley Liberty. This was in the theater across the street from Show World, which was owned by the same people. She was the 'Topless Trumpet Player.' Even though she got naked, 'Topless Trumpet Player' sounds more alliterative. She's a musician from Australia, and she was in the U.S. studying music. She paid for that by doing adult movies and stripping. We took a few pictures of her, and whoever was taking the pictures, as a joke, turned to the audience and said, 'Okay, say cheese,' and several people ran out who were embarrassed to be seen there."

Caged Asshole

(continued from page 76) Santos told me to go slap the shit out of the new lame-ass in the tank, I would do it. My reward was being allowed into the gangsters' circle. I was accepted for what I was, a fucking criminal.

One day, we were locked down for some fucking reason. The slop was to be served inside the cages, and everyone was pissed. Santos was going on about how we should riot: throw the food at the guards as they passed, set the beds on fire and kick the shit out of the lames, a good time to be had by all. As the sheriffs watched from their glass-enclosed area, the trustees brought the slop in huge carts. The riot talk continued, and I was all for it. I would fucking do anything. *What are they gonna do? Lock me up?* I figured. I lived by that saying.

Santos threw his tray at the bars, sending a shower of food all over the bulls' work station. I was next; I flung the shit from my tray right at the sheriff, who looked on in disbelief. Soon, all the inmates on the tier tossed their trays out of their cells and toward the coppers.

Anarchy reigned. Someone lit a roll of toilet paper on fire and hurled it down the corridor. My cellmate jumped up and down on the cement shitter mounted to the wall, slamming all of his weight on the john until it cracked and burst at the same time. The entire toilet flew off the wall, loosing a flood of water that made it seem as if a fire hydrant had busted inside our cell. I laughed hysterically. It was my opportunity to become a star. I started pitching huge pieces of the destroyed shitter at the cops while they videotaped my antics.

I was yanked out of the cell by my hair. A sea of deputies stomped my head. Someone kicked me right in my asshole, then in the balls.

The insanity was coming to a peak. Everyone was breaking the shitters and lighting mattresses on fire. The entire arena became a hell-like setting: choking black smoke, sporadic fires, floods and unbridled, homicidal anger. The cops gathered en masse in the control area; then, systematically, the cell doors opened. I could hear men screaming, "No, please no!" and the sounds of guys getting the absolute shit beat out of them.

Finally, six deputies were outside my cell. They wore helmets and heavy padding; they looked like a fucking SWAT team. None of them said a word. My cell door popped open, and they were in like stink on shit. A fire hose soaked the burning mattress in our cell. After that, I was down on my face, with six deputies kicking, stomping, punching and landing shots with their billy clubs.

I was later interrogated about my part in the incident. "I was just enticed by the others," I said. "I really didn't know what was going on. It's my first time in jail, and I was scared." They didn't believe a word of it. "Oh, you were scared, were you?" one of my questioners snorted. "Well, we're going to send you somewhere where you *should* be scared."

After spending a week in the hole, I was transferred to the high-security section of the jail, where there were single cells, no movement in the general population and complete segregation. I was housed with convicted killers, rapists and escape threats.

The food was worse than ever, and they took away our TV privileges. We were stuck in the tiny cells for 24 hours a day. It was enough to drive anyone fucking nuts, especially me; I was nuts.

The name Torpedo followed me to my new home, and the boys coaxed me to start some shit. The talk had gone on long enough and, without warning, I started jumping up and down on the toilet. I was laughing and screaming, "Motherfuckers, come get some!" The shitter crashed to the floor. I lit my mattress on fire, almost burning my face off. The deputies began videotaping me again; as the starring character, I threw pieces of the shitter at the deputy with the camera. They crashed so hard into the bulletproof glass that he winced and stepped back. I screamed at the top of my lungs, "Fuck you, you fucking pigs! Yeah, suck my fucking dick!"

The mattress was now fully ablaze, and black smoke filled my cell, making me gag and my eyes water. I had to dive down to the floor. *They're just going to let me choke to death*, I thought.

Just as I was about to lose consciousness, the gate cracked open. I was yanked out of the cell by my hair. A sea of deputies stomped my head to the cold concrete, again and again. Someone kicked me right in my asshole, then in the balls. Billy clubs were everywhere. The pain was gone; fear for my life had taken its place.

"You're gonna be the one for the

"These are signs of forced entry."

"And if I don't get every American's civil liberties for Xmas, I'll haul your fat ass in and detain it indefinitely for suspicious terrorist activity."

Caged Asshole

month, cocksucker," one of them said. "You know what we can do in here, motherfucker?" They rolled me over like I was a doll and stomped me some more. I started to lose consciousness again. "No! Don't you pass out, you piece of shit. We want you to see what's gonna happen to you."

The sadistic deputies handcuffed and shackled my legs to my arms. I was a beaten pretzel in chains, blood coming out of every hole in my face. They dragged me out of the cell block, bouncing my entire body over the steps. Six deputies ran with me as if I were a big bag of garbage that they were going to throw out. "Did you hear about the asshole that got killed last month? The stupid fucker fell 150 feet to his death down the escalator."

I found myself at the top of the escalator. I could see the bottom; it was a long way down. "How's the view, asshole?" The word *asshole* totally dispelled my remaining sanity. I screamed at them, "Go ahead, you fucking pussies!" I tried to fight them off again, to no avail.

They pushed me headfirst down the escalator and kicked me like a soccer ball the whole way down. "Let's just kill this piece of shit, worthless waste of taxpayers' money!" They went on and on about how they were going to murder me. I believed them too. I somehow survived the escalator, then down another floor. They swarmed me again, pinning me down. A deputy smashed my head to the concrete with his knee. He bounced up and down on me while the others unshackled me. I laid on the concrete, limp, blind and nearly dead.

"Get up and take all of your clothes off!" I couldn't rise to my feet. I just looked at them and spit some blood out of my mouth. They yanked me to my feet and ripped off my orange suit, which was now drenched with blood. They threw me on the ground again, and one deputy yanked my underwear completely off. I laid facedown on the concrete, naked and sobbing, and started to break. "Please stop!" I pleaded.

I truly had gone insane; I had become exactly what everyone said I would—just a fucking asshole.

A three-inch-thick door opened to my right. My tormentors picked me up and threw me in. I was gone; I couldn't comprehend anything but a drain that my face was sticking directly into. I could see hair, and it smelled like piss and shit.

I couldn't believe I was still breathing. I looked at my cell, which consisted of a bare, blinding light, no mattress, no blanket and a steel sheet to lie on. There was no sink and no shitter, just a drain to piss in.

I couldn't sleep; they had the air conditioner on full-blast. Every inch of my body was hurt and freezing. I replayed the beating over and over in my mind. *In some ways, I got what I had coming*, I thought. *But, fuck, they almost killed me.* I truly had gone insane; I had become exactly what everyone said I would—just a fucking asshole.

After three days, when I could finally manage to eat, I was only fed once a day. They never turned the light off. I lost track of time. I contemplated death. *How can I kill myself and end this turmoil?* I couldn't figure out a way to do myself in.

Two weeks went by. I eventually started to heal; only my face was still swollen. My ribs killed me. I didn't see any future, just this cell. *They're gonna throw away the fucking key*, I thought. The door finally cracked open. Six deputies stood there with shackles. "This one's going today," one of them said. I didn't understand. "Where am I going?" I asked.

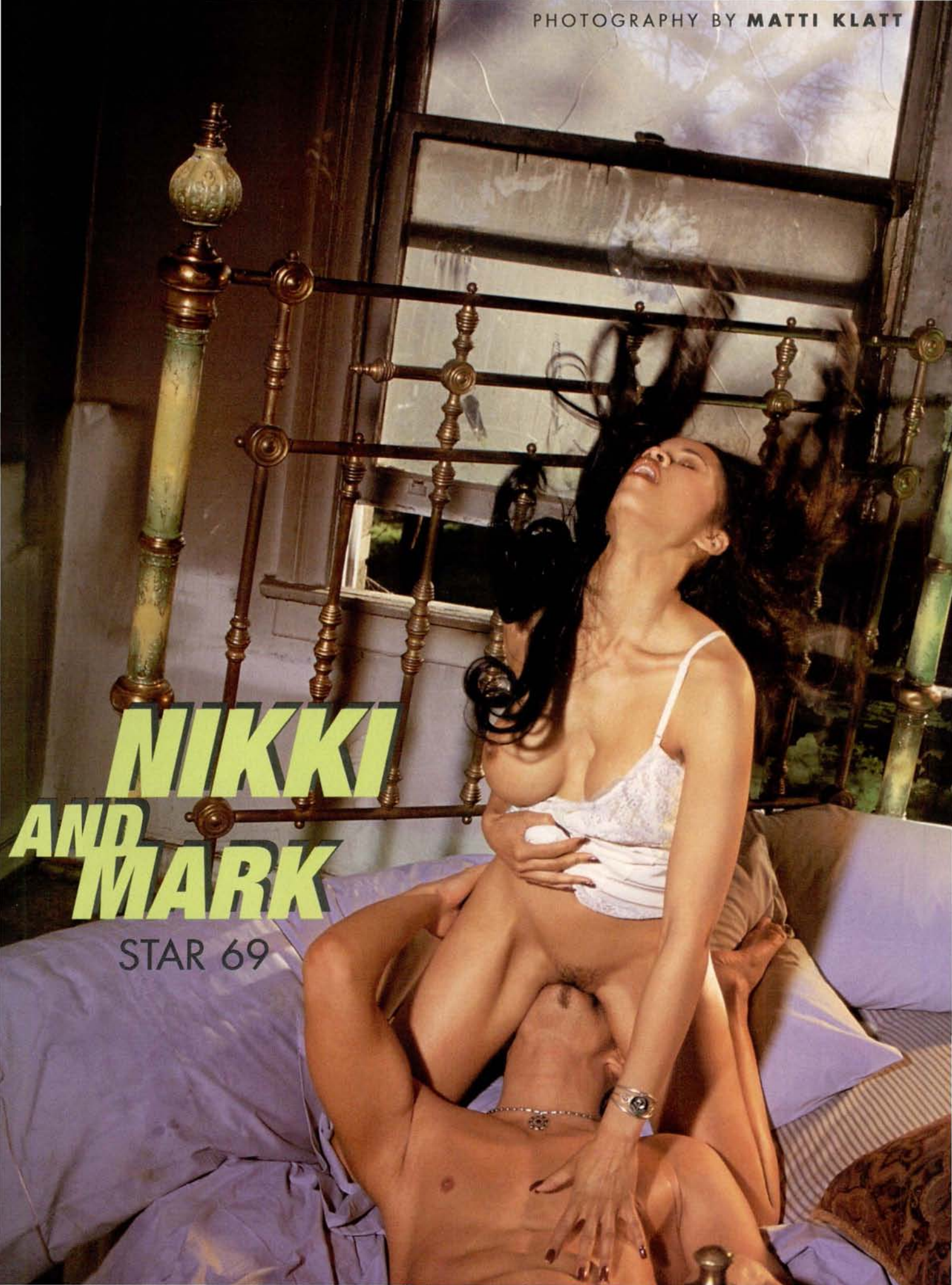
"To do your time, boy! You're going to Gladiator School for placement. YTS—Youth Training School. Chino." The cops eyed me warily, as if I was going to erupt at any moment. I felt like an animal that was not to be trusted. I caught a glimpse of myself in the fogged plastic that was used for a mirror; I looked like death. I felt the hollowness of my spirit cry out, *Why me? Why am I such an asshole?* They shackled my arms and legs and put me on a bench. I sat with all the convicts waiting to be loaded onto a bus to Chino.

I wondered why they hadn't finished the job and just killed me. I didn't feel worthy of life. *What the fuck am I doing here?* I hurt so bad inside, I just wanted to curl up and cry like an infant, sob and quit. I couldn't though; it would show weakness, and I would end up getting fucked in the ass and labeled as a punk who couldn't hold his own in solitary.

I sucked back the pain and tears, rose to my feet, looked the man in the eye and said, "Take me to jail. They gotta let me out sometime, man."

"I think you've had enough twat watching, sir. You need to go home and sleep it off."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **MATTI KLATT**



NIKKI AND MARK

STAR 69

Nikki wakes up, surprised to see the stranger in her bed. She shakes him until he opens his eyes and grumbles, "Hey, porn star."
Nikki groans, "Porn star? God, I must've been drunk."
"Could've fooled me," Mark responds. "You fuck like a pro." *The proud brunette lifts the bedsheet and eyes her personal stunt cock.* ***She smiles warmly, "My pussy is sore, my ass is throbbing, and my mouth tastes salty. It's a real shame I don't remember any of last night."*** *Taking note of Mark's stiffening rod, she purrs, "How about an encore?"*

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Naropa's pale tush tensed, and her cunt squeezed my cock. A lively series of wet pussy spasms massaged the length of my ebony prick.

(continued from page 34) the pink-cheeked pixie announced, snaking one of her hot paws into my lap and cupping the prominent tent I'd pitched. I'd been wondering if she'd noticed my interest and hoping that events would take this sort of turn. Naropa's small, ivory mitt squeezing my bulge distracted me from driving though. I had to bring the cab to a screeching stop at the brink of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway.

Not wanting to slam into the guardrail of an elevated freeway, we took the next exit and parked among the decrepit industrial buildings just under the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Naropa was breathing heavily, with her perfect teeth parted. Our seat belts clicked as one, and we fell into each other's arms. In the weak winter light, the college girl's eyes looked like enormous, dark blueberries in vanilla yogurt. Her jacket and shirt were off in a second.

My fare jammed my face against her milk-white maiden's chest. There wasn't much to hold on to except for her stiff, chewy nipples. I bit down hard, drawing a passionate shriek from the horny missy.

Slipping a finger under the low waistband of her pants, I touched a neatly trimmed swatch of bristles. The musk of swollen, pink slit-tissue reached my nostrils about the same time Naropa swung one rangy leg over the driver's headrest. My thumb glided into her sopping orifice as if there was suction pulling it into her drenched inner reaches.

Not wanting to put a stink on my hand that wouldn't wash out (I have a very fussy, suspicious wife), I withdrew my digit and struggled to drop my trousers.

"Don't come inside me," the alabaster, leggy delicacy huffed, contorting her body until she was on her hands and knees with her jeans halfway down her lovely rump. The Chevrolet Caprice Classic is one of the best cars on the road today because it still has a bench seat in front. Had my cab been a smaller model, the bucket seats would have made doggy-style fucking impossible. As it was, I had to hunch over and count on Naropa's pretty fingers to guide my tool into her tender slice.

Her vaginal grip on my piercing cock was firm, but gentle. The meat on Naropa's pubic bone acted as a wet, cushiony bumper as I rammed my johnson balls-deep. I reached around and cupped the Caucasoid princess's tiny titties; her plump nerps traced circles on my palms. Her clit was prominent enough to tickle my nuts as they smacked into it.

Naropa threw her head back, narrowly avoiding a collision with my chin. Her pale, relatively skinny tush tensed, and her cunt squeezed my cock. A lively series of wet pussy spasms massaged the length of my ebony prick.

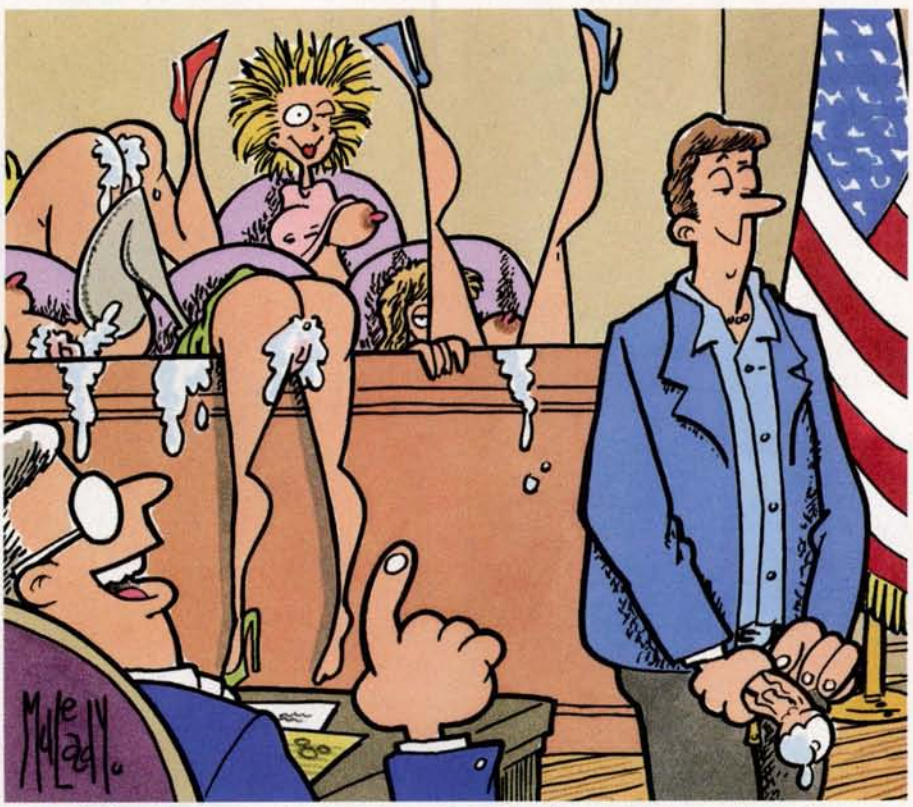
The beautiful, pale-skinned girl called on God, and the Devil, and Baal and Buddha and whatnot. I was impressed at her educated invocations as what seemed like a pint of clear fluid splashed out of her fuckhole. The copious love juice dribbled down her butt cheeks and inner thigh onto the seat.

My balls lifted. I don't think I could have pulled out before I came, nor was I inclined to try, but Naropa had skills. I still don't see how somebody with long legs managed to disengage, turn around and blow me in that cramped space, especially in the throes of an orgasm, with her pants around her knees, but this promising student did it and did it well. On my knees in the car, I didn't see much but her bare back and the flushed cleft of her ass, but I could feel her head thrusting to meet my dusky groin, and her pink mouth slurping my veiny sperm spear into its wet cavity.

The tip of my pud slid along her palate. Naropa gagged involuntarily when I popped cock snot against the back of her throat. She pulled her face off my spewing kielbasa, and I blew cum blindly in the direction of her head. When we disentangled, I saw that I'd coated her mug with man-milk. She was also sitting in a puddle of cum and what sure seemed like female ejaculate.

The femininely scented moisture that seeped into my seat covers stayed with me for the rest of the shift and, for all I know, the next several drivers'. None of my subsequent fares that December 26 commented on the pussy odor that filled the cab like incense, but a gaggle of old ladies whispered and giggled their way to Newark International, and tipped me ten bucks.

When I went home to my wife, I realized that Jesus had answered my prayers. It happened not on His day, but on mine—December 26, the beginning of Kwanza, when we light the candle of Umoja, first of the Seven Principles. Umoja means "unity." I know the Good Lord busted my nut on Casper-ina's face to *unite* the flesh of his creation—and also (continued on page 126)



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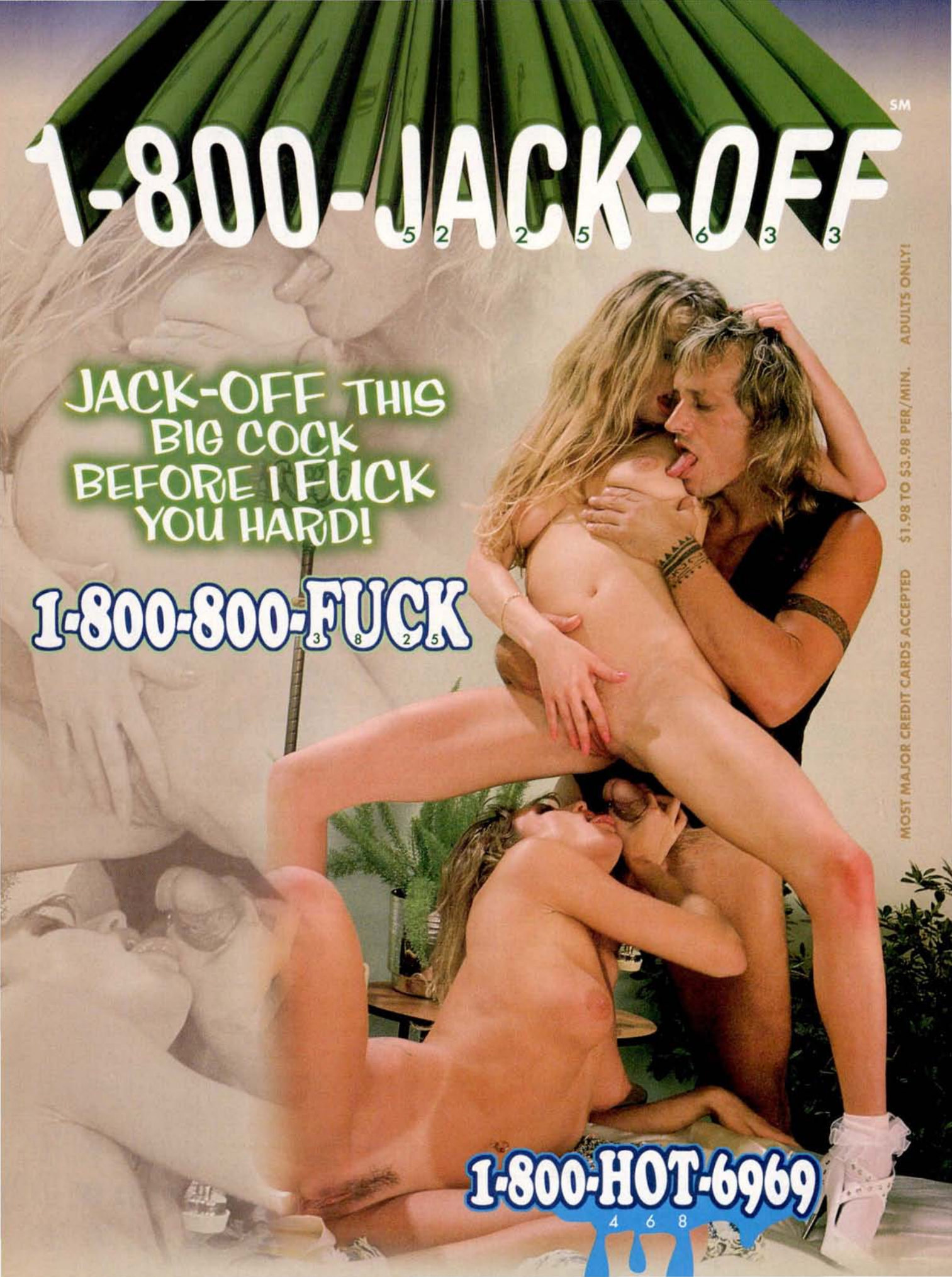
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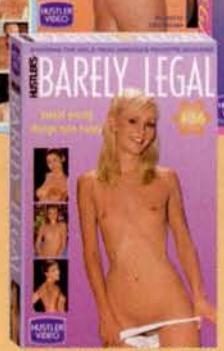

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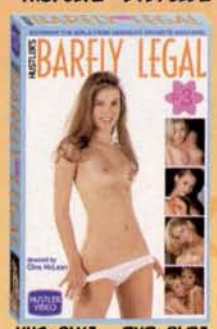

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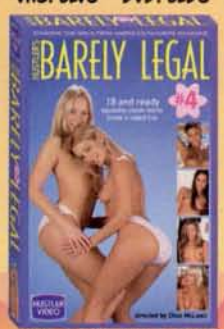

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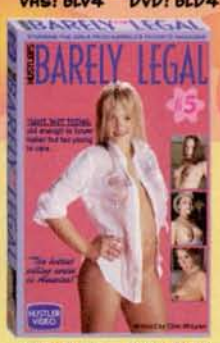

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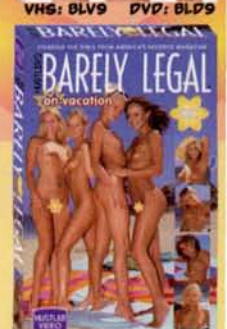

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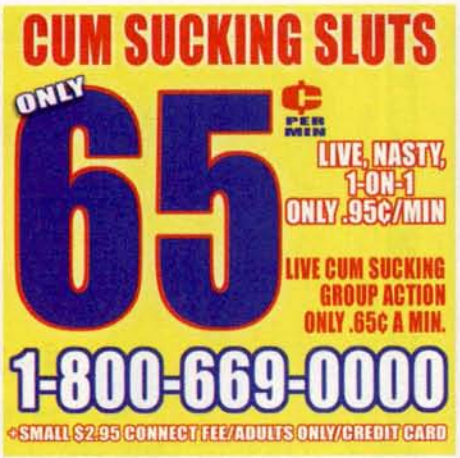

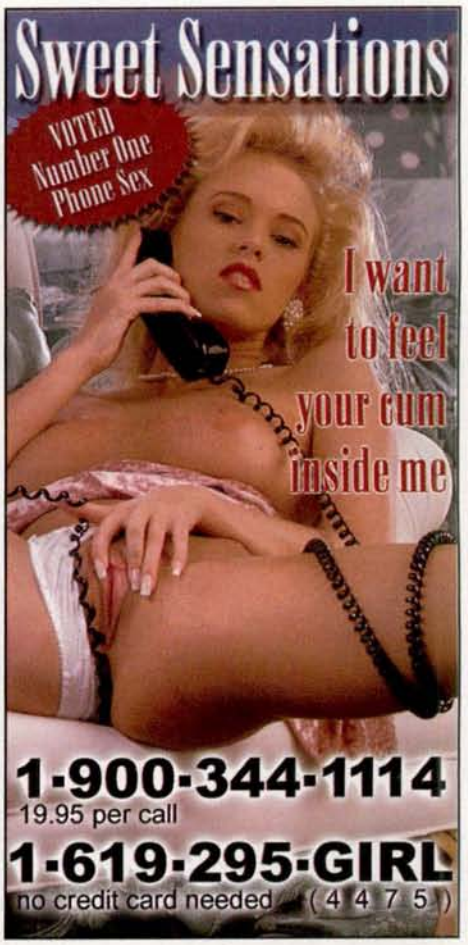

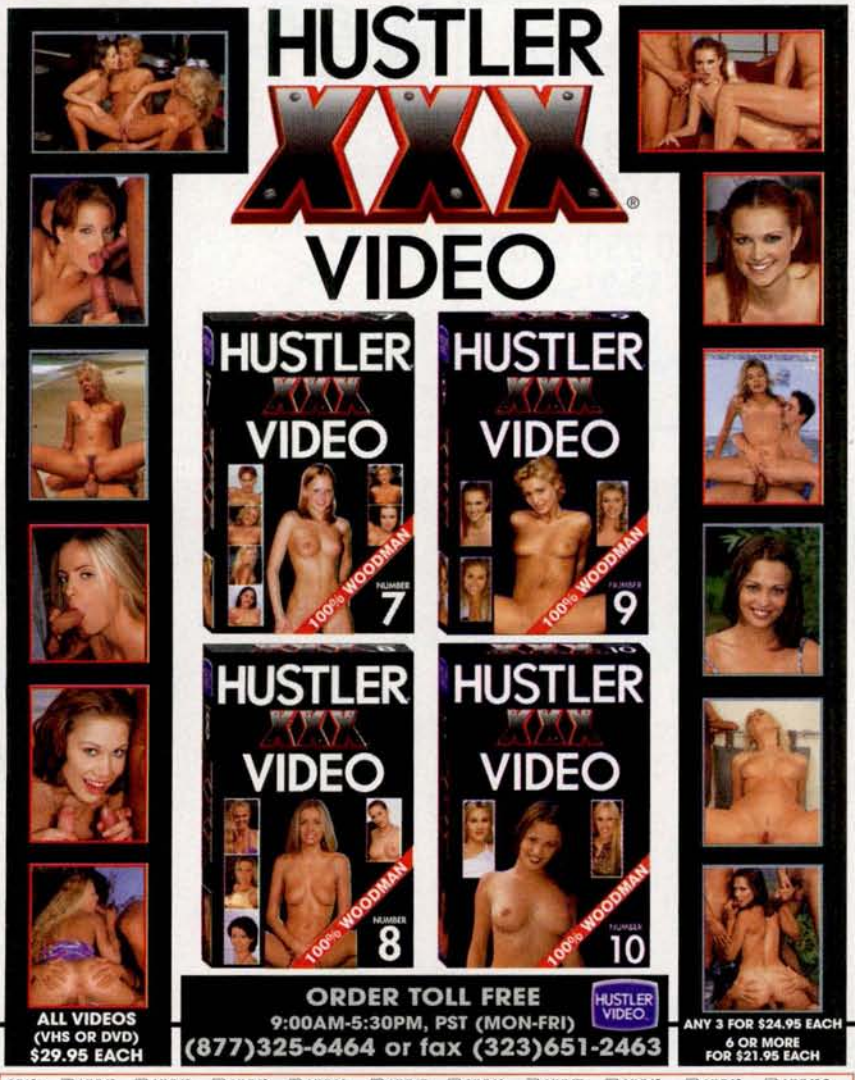

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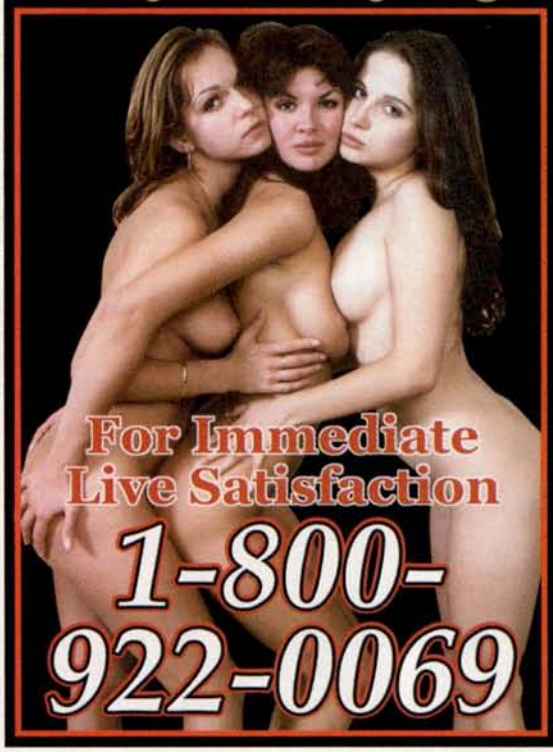

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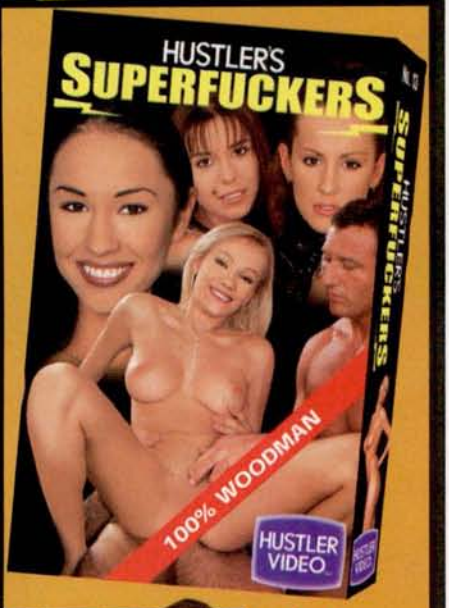

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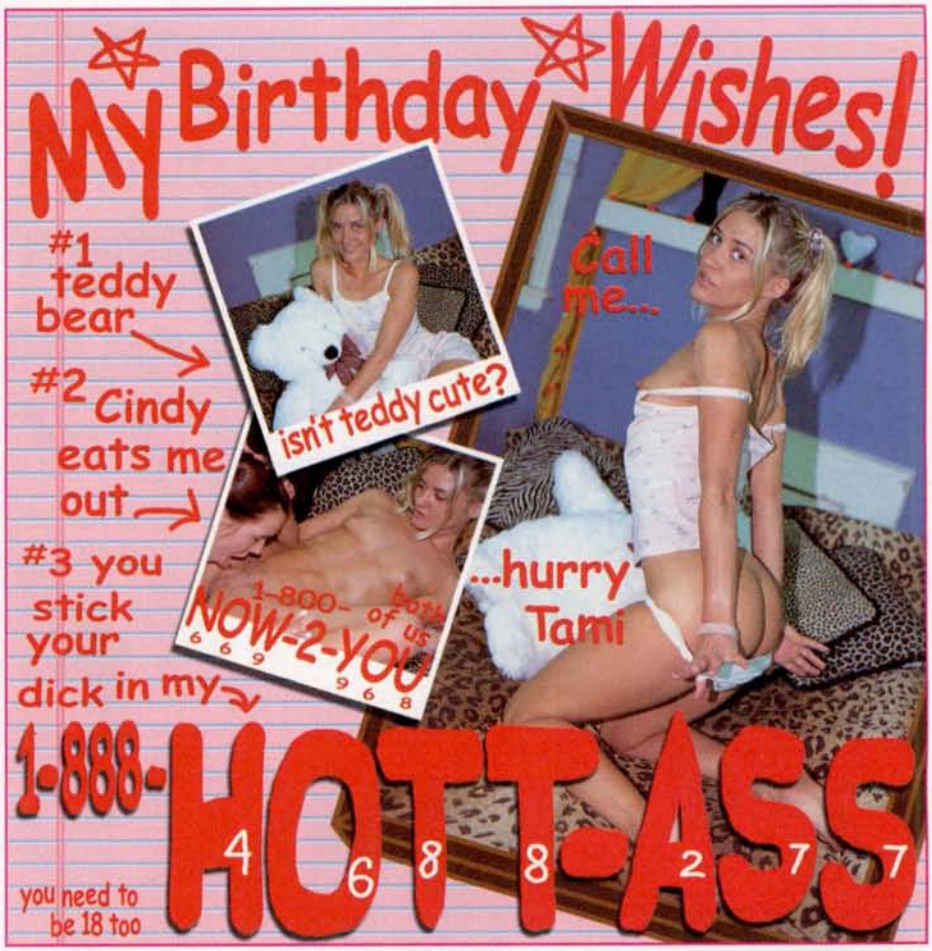

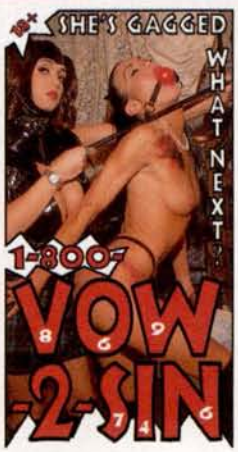

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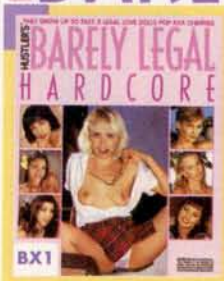

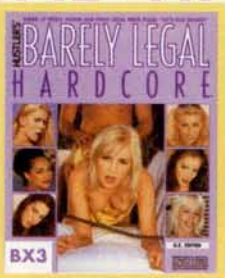

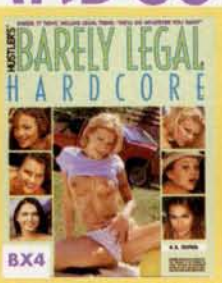

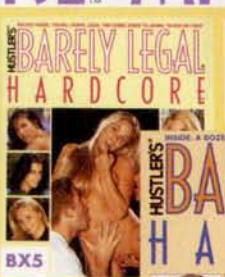

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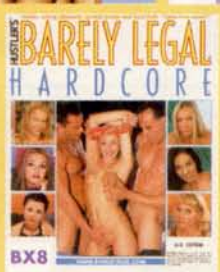

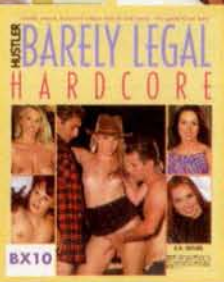

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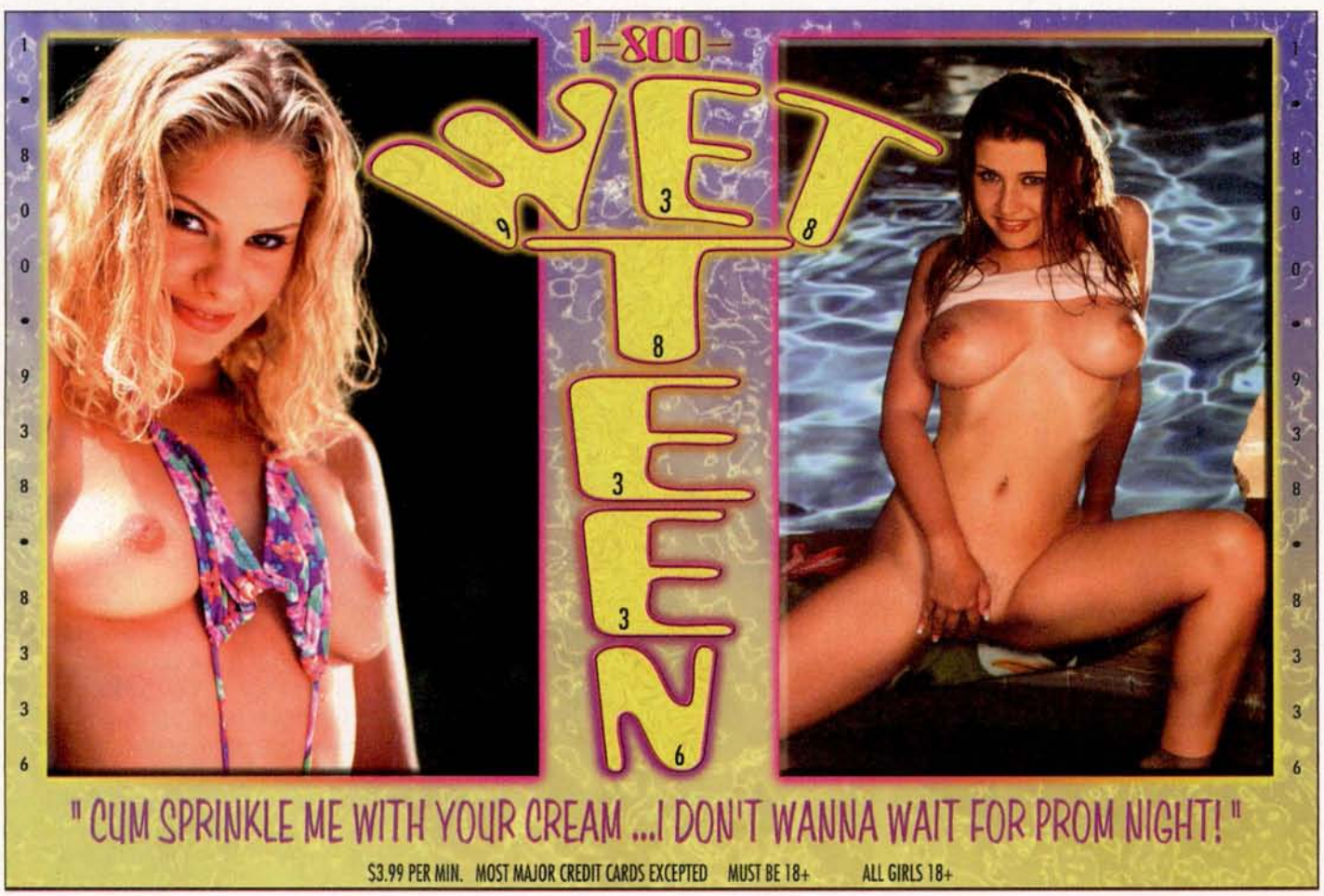

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Mindy moaned flirtatiously as I toweled her dry. She kissed me deeply and urged me to fuck her nasty. I knelt and buried my nose in her snatch.

(continued from page 108) to reward a hard-working man. Praise unto Him. —A. B.
Jamaica, New York

Hanukkah Bush

My wife is Jewish, though not very religious. The closest Mindy ever came to observing her faith was last December when, like the oil lamp in the Hanukkah legend, she stayed lit for eight days. Being Boston Irish, I'm used to eating out pussies that reek of stale beer, but living night and day for more than a week with a woman who was determined to cloak herself in closing-time stench was a trial for both of us.

Don't get me wrong—my wife is a stunning, Mediterranean-looking beauty with olive skin and thick, dark, curly hair above deck and below. Head-on, Mindy appears to be Italian. Her rack is above par, with bulging areolas and small, sensitive nipples. Her firm butt jiggles exactly once when I smack it mid-fuck. I consider myself lucky to nail an ass that good on a regular basis, and doubly so because she pulls her weight with the mortgage.

It's only when Mindy was laid off right before the holidays that she went on a bender. My once-attractive wife became as appetizing as a barf bag, even before she developed the runs.

Mindy staggered home late one Tuesday night, plastered, with her tits half out of her dress, and hurled what looked to have once been six or seven cosmopolitans onto the carpet.

I hadn't fucked her in a week and was less squeamish than a few days ago; so I hauled my disgusting better half into the shower. I turned the cold water on full-blast and scrubbed her puke-and-shit-stained skin till it glowed. Semiconscious, oozing used joy-juice, she still had tits that made me proud to be an American. My wife moaned flirtatiously as I toweled her dry. She kissed me deeply, exposing my mouth to a funk that tasted like cranberry juice and rotted meat, and urged me to fuck her nasty. I knelt and buried my nose in her snatch, if only to avoid any further contact with her rancid yap.

Mindy's box was clean, and tasted pretty good, although there was such a strong tequilalike tang that I was tempted to dip her labia in coarse salt and Rose's lime juice. As my unsteady princess's pussy moistened, her ooze smacked of beer—I had to wonder if she'd left any type of alcohol untouched.

My naked helpmate lurched forward and grabbed my head, unwittingly driving it upward into her abdomen. I tried to ignore the wretched sounds as I buried my tongue in her folds and reached my hands around to grab her ass. Thwarting my efforts, Mindy shoved me away and knelt beside the toilet. After coming remarkably close to reaching the bowl with her vomit, she passed out with her head in the hopper.

And with her pretty legs spread behind her. Whatever moisture there had been in her cunt was as dissipated as Mindy herself; so I grabbed some lubricant from the nightstand and returned to my wife, who now snored peacefully into the bowl, save the occasional gurgle from her abused digestive tract.

I spread Mindy's butt cheeks and let a dollop of lube fall into her crack. A foul patch of wet gas leaked from her shithole, making the gunk bubble like pea soup. My eyes watered, but her pussy mound looked as good as ever. I used two fingers to work the stuff inside her beef flaps. Mindy mumbled something unintelligible but vaguely encouraging that echoed into the porcelain.

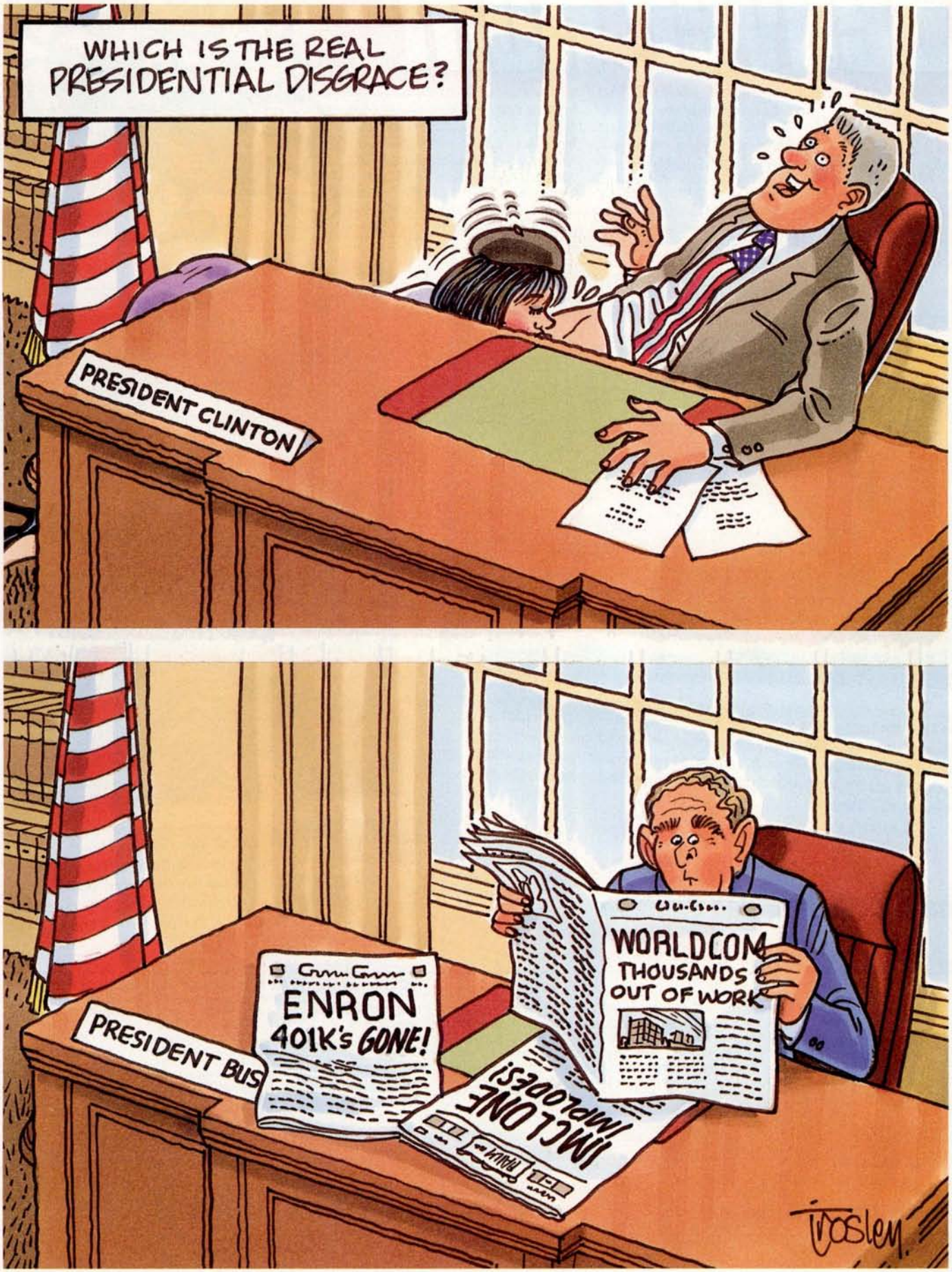
Lifting her by the knees into an all-fours position and focusing on the lovely form of her cleft rather than its fragrance, I managed to attain wood. Wedging my improbably stiff prick into my soused spouse's twat, I found her artificial pussy-grease as invigorating as the real thing. Mindy stirred a bit once I began humping her—probably because of the muffled ringing of her tits slapping into the can. With a conscious partner, my boner became hard as a kneecap. I pounded her from behind, truly enjoying myself. We'd never screwed in the bathroom. If not for her incapacitating lushery, we probably never would have.

I thought I was fucking my wife to tears of ecstasy—the sex was certainly helping my disposition—but she was still bemoaning her bad news.

"God, I need my job," Mindy wailed, slurring. "What'll we do?"

That's when I came, and left her to sleep it off. Since then, the bank foreclosed on our house, but we're much happier in new, smaller digs. I can handle the modest rent by myself, and my Mindy's pregnant; so she doesn't drink anymore. —R. T.
Baltimore, Maryland

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.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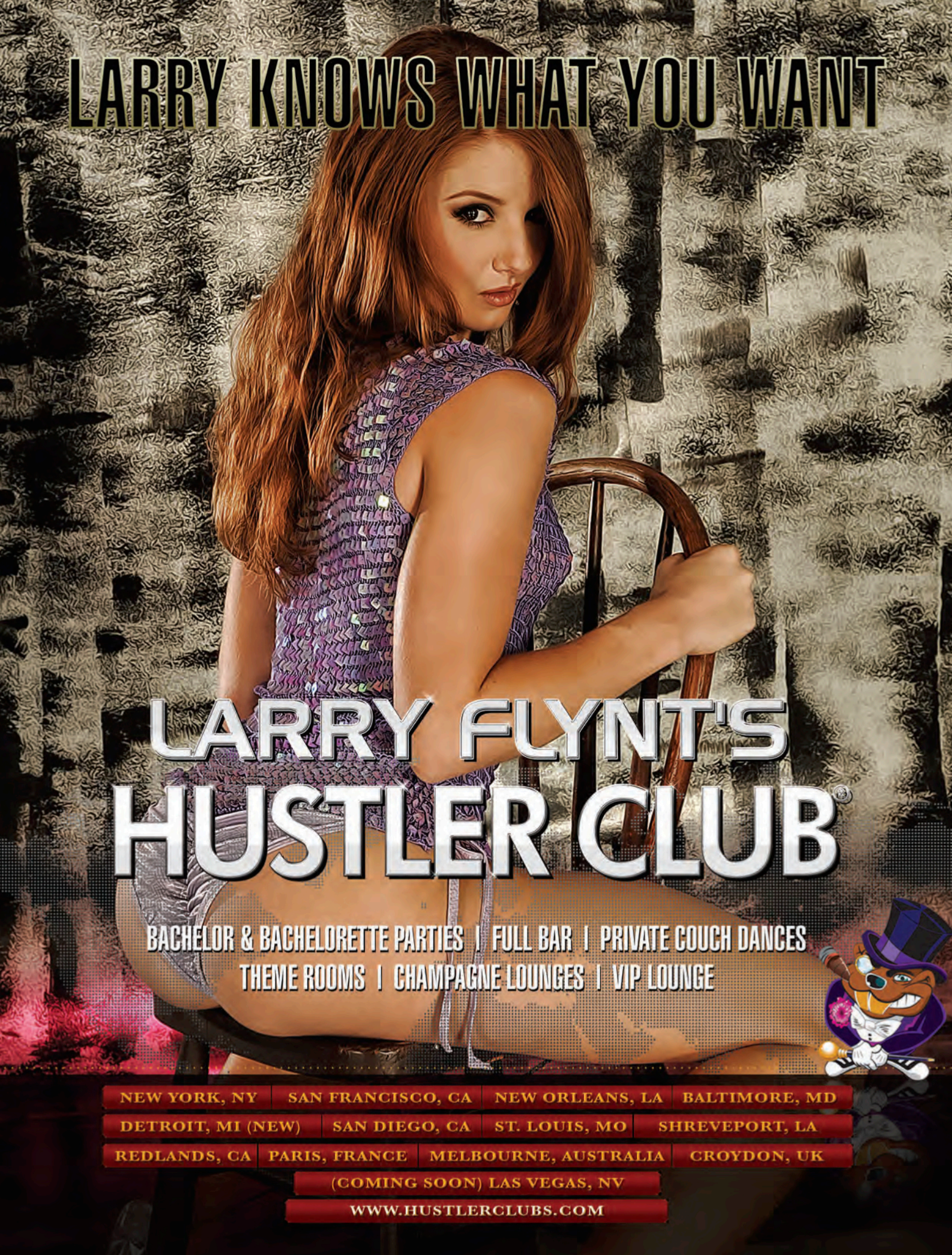
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We liked the Spider-Man movie too, Roxanne, but clearly not as much as you. The wall-crawling, 29-year-old office manager from Richmond, Virginia, is known for showing off her body, screwing in public and trying new things. "Sex with another woman and my husband" tops the Beaver's list of yet-to-be-explored pleasures. *—Photo by Husband*

Joslyn is a 21-year-old dancer from Chicago, Illinois, who lives for skinny-dipping, topless volleyball and fucking in the park. "I love the water," the Windy City lass purrs, which explains why her dream screws all take place "in the hot tub, at the beach or in the rain." *—Photo by Friend*

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Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution.

I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date**

The thought of "my husband taking pictures of us having sex makes me hot," growls 31-year-old Lilith of New Orleans, Louisiana. The tattooed dancer dreams of "fucking my husband in his '48 Chevy till his balls turn blue."
—Photo by Husband

Elko, Nevada, resident Georgia spends her free time fly-fishing, playing chess and Scrabble, and reading McSweeny's. The literary, 28-year-old muff is a student who longs to "put on a strap-on and fuck my male lovers in the ass." Tres bohemian. —Photo by Friend

Straight out of Sao Paolo, Brazil, the beautiful Tatiana aims to serve. The 27-year-old waitress enjoys skiing, working out, posing for hot photos and acting pervy with her man. For kicks, the South American hottie likes the idea of "flashing for trains."
—Photo by Husband

A fresh, young filly of 22, Sarah is an assistant from Excelsior Springs, Missouri, and enjoys fishing and shopping. The eager aide longs "to be with three men and another woman at the same time."

—Photo by Husband

Daisy, 23, is an exotic dancer from Irwin, Pennsylvania. The leggy hoofer takes pleasure in stripping, shopping and collecting grubby dollar bills in her G-string. Daisy dreams of "using dildos on a man's ass and making it into a magazine or porn flick with my man."

—Photo by Boyfriend

"I give the world's greatest head," boasts Devon, 35, a business owner from Wichita, Kansas. The entrepreneurial oralist admits to having "a weakness for women" and enjoys working out, reading and helping animals in need. Do the snakes trapped in our trousers count, Devon?

—Photo by Friend

Becky, 24, of Louisville, Kentucky, cites dancing, horseback riding, photography and screwing as her favorite pastimes. The oversexed housewife dreams of "being tied up and sexually ravaged by my husband, then returning the favor with the help of another woman."

—Photo by Husband

A 22-year-old waitress from Killeen, Texas, Amy digs chilling with her friends, reading and writing. Of her sexual fantasies, the Lone Star State cutie only writes cryptically, "in public places." *—Photo by Friend*

Renaissance ma'am Amber is into singing, dancing, painting, drawing and NASCAR. The 27-year-old Brunswick, Ohio, looker would love to "have sex with my husband and Clara from the September 2002 HUSTLER."

—Photo by Husband

"I love dancing, stroking my cat and sucking on hot, hard cocks," boasts 28-year-old Angel of Saint Louis, Missouri. The lusty loan officer and part-time student fantasizes about "a hot-tub orgy with beautiful women and just being with two men at once." —Photo by Friend

A dancer from Killeen, Texas, Amber lives with her roommate, Amy (notice the familiar boudoir?). The 26-year-old born-again blonde enjoys hanging out with friends and making new acquaintances, and yearns to screw in "public places." —Photo by Friend

Goshen, Alabama, is a safer, sexier place, thanks to 28-year-old security guard Patsy Ann. The sultry rent-a-cop enjoys hunting, fishing, fucking and dancing, and describes her ideal carnal encounter in this simple code: "Girl, Girl, Guy." —Photo by Husband

"We just discovered my G spot at 30," boasts 31-year-old Suzanne, a bartender from New York, New York. The liquor-slinging lovely spends her free time shopping, and longed "to appear in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt now that I'm over 30 and compete with the younger girls. Do I still have it?"

—Photo by Husband

Can you tell that Austin, Texas, wood nymph Krys is a model? The poised 31-year-old beauty is also an avid swimmer, cyclist and fucker. Krys dreams of "laying on a blanket, listening to jazz in my backyard and having sex more than once."

—Photo by Friend

Reno, Nevada, denizen Lexey has a lust for the law. The 25-year-old blonde isn't studying to pass the bar exam; she just has a soft spot for hard cops. "Male officers make me moist," Lexey admits. The badge-loving babe also enjoys sports, shopping and driving fast.

—Photo by Friend

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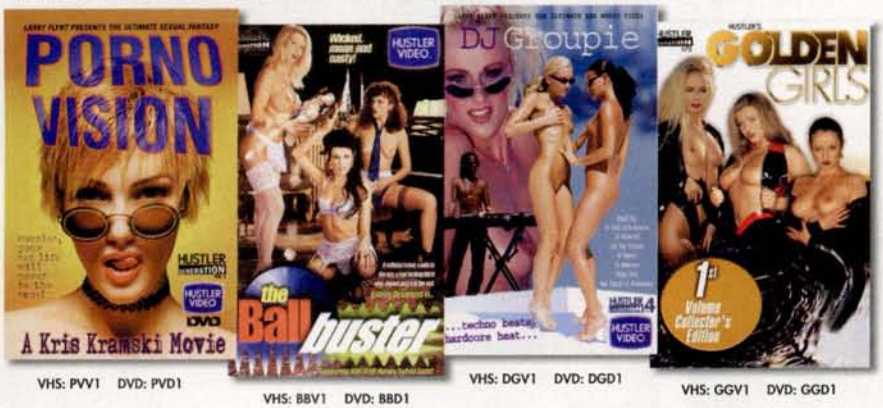

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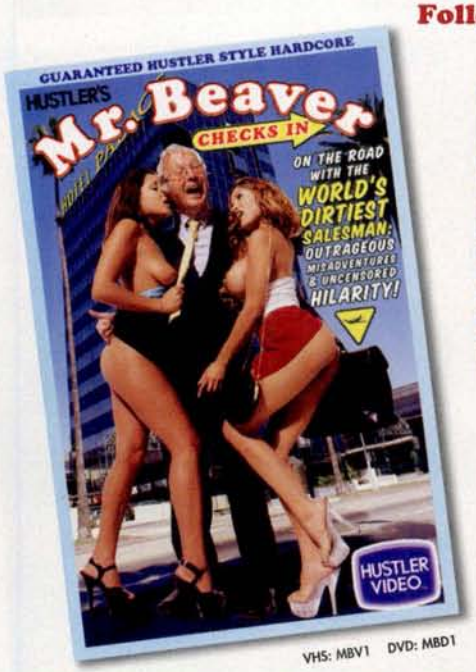
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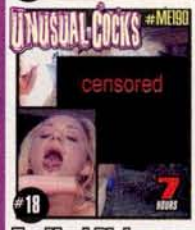

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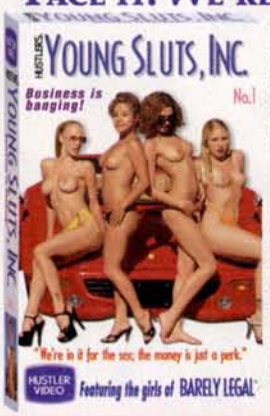
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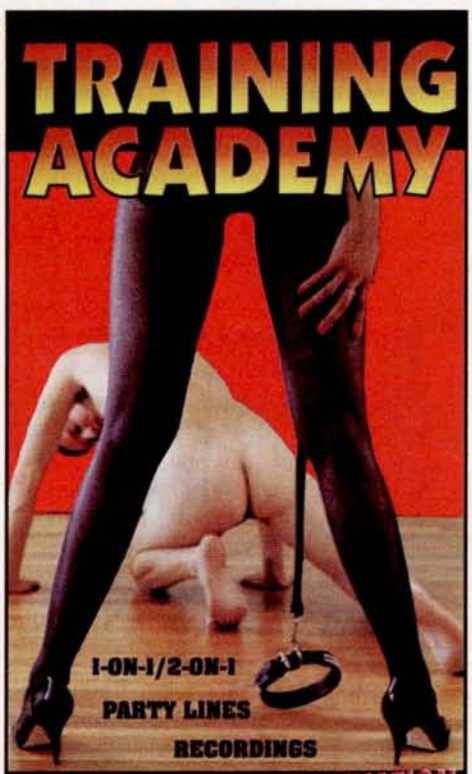

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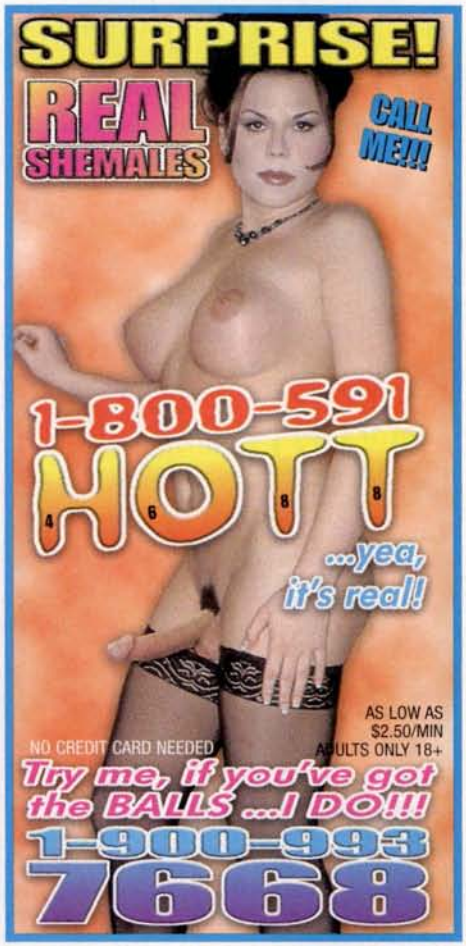

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WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!!

No Pumps, Exercises or Prescription!
Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 4 Inches!

"This pill really works. I am now a harder 9 inches, which makes me feel good about myself. Besides wanting to be bigger, I always got soft to soon. Now that doesn't happen anymore. I'm hard like a rock from start to finish. I don't stop until she says 'you are terrific' and cums right along with me." -JS, Ohio

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. How about when men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Your larger penis will give you the confidence to meet the challenge of any woman. Penetrate deeper and see just how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

The corpa cavernosa are the two spongy bodies of erectile tissue on either side of the penis. An erection is caused by blood filling the erectile tissues. But what if the erectile tissues were made larger? What if you could somehow expand the size of the erectile tissues? Then of course the erectile tissues would hold more blood and you would have a significantly larger penis. Blow up a balloon with more air and you have a larger balloon. Fill the erectile tissues with more blood and you have a larger penis. Without any effort on you part, without any exercising, pumping or stretching, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissues longer and wider and fill the erectile tissues with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 4 inches in what has been described as a miracle. **You can make that miracle happen.** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL and we GUARANTEE IT!

IS YOUR PENIS SIZE AVERAGE?

You probably have heard or read somewhere the average penis size is about 6 inches. If your penis is 6 inches and you want to be average then don't read any further. But if your not satisfied with an average or less then average size penis, the PRO+PLUS PILLS will help you grow up to 4 inches and it is perfectly safe and it is your secret because you can take the PRO+PLUS PILLS without anyone knowing that you are taking it.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the most noticeable change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. Then after a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. As you stand in front of a mirror you will be amazed even without an erection how your penis wil 'hang' longer and thicker. After the third month when you have an erection you will see a very noticeable change. Not just in size but your penis will look firmer, stronger then you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY IS THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. Combining the formulations of the type of herbs found in many parts of the world that can enlarge the penis erectile tissues. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between a 7, 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

WHAT WILL THE PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 4 inches or more
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time. No more problems because you can't get it up and keep it up. PRO+PLUS PILLS will keep the blood flowing to your penis so you will always get hard and stay hard.
- Stronger and more intense orgasms
- Stop premature ejaculations
- Safely enhance the size of your penis.

WILL THE PENIS ENLARGEMENT BE PERMANENT?

Yes it is and you control the growth because once you reach your optimum size you could stop taking PRO+PLUS PILLS for Penis Enlargement. We say you could stop taking the PRO+PLUS PILLS because it is not necessary to be larger then 9 or 10 inches. Most women can only comfortably accommodate a 9 or 10 inch penis. Anything larger then that may be too large for most woman. Nine inches or more than 9 inches, the choice is yours.

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Take PRO+PILLS first for Penis Enlargement to reach your optimum size. After that continue taking only one PRO+PILL daily to improve your sexual health, feel younger, increase sexual desire, gain more stamina and greater sexual pleasure. You can also take 2 PRO+PLUS PILLS before sex for the strongest, hardest erection you will ever have.

OUR OTHER SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE PILL!

PEARL+PLUS PILLS are guaranteed to sexually stimulate women of all ages. For increased blood flow, sexual enjoyment and intensify orgasms. Sexual sensitivity is produced by blood flow into the clitoris, labia and vagina. Only $60.00 or FREE WITH ANY ORDER OF 3 OR MORE BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS.

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OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are not completely satisfied return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping. Why do we make this incredible guarantee? Because every thing we say here is true and we know you will be satisfied with PRO+PLUS PILLS.

IMPORTANT: Because of the success of PRO+PLUS PILLS there are many imitations. If you do not see a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** then you **DO NOT** have a money back guarantee. We Offer a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.** Do you trust buying penis enlargement pills from a pharmacy or drugstore or from our research company PLUS MEDICAL an International Company in business for over 30 years.

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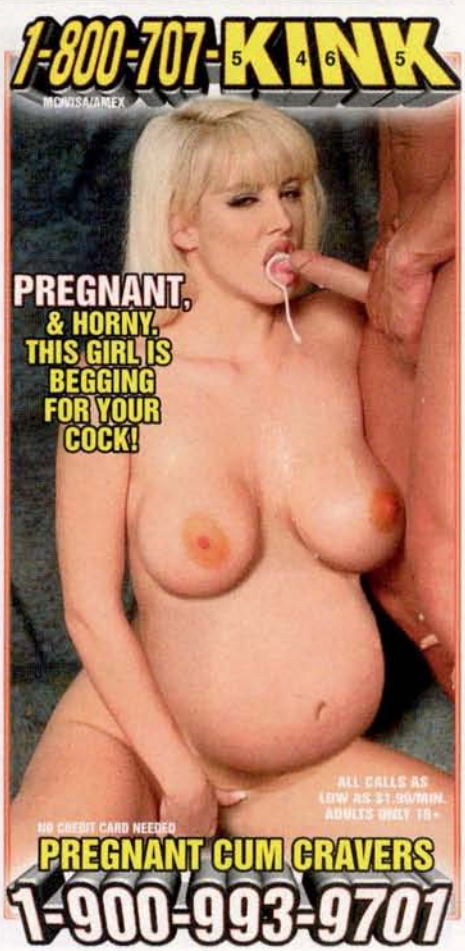
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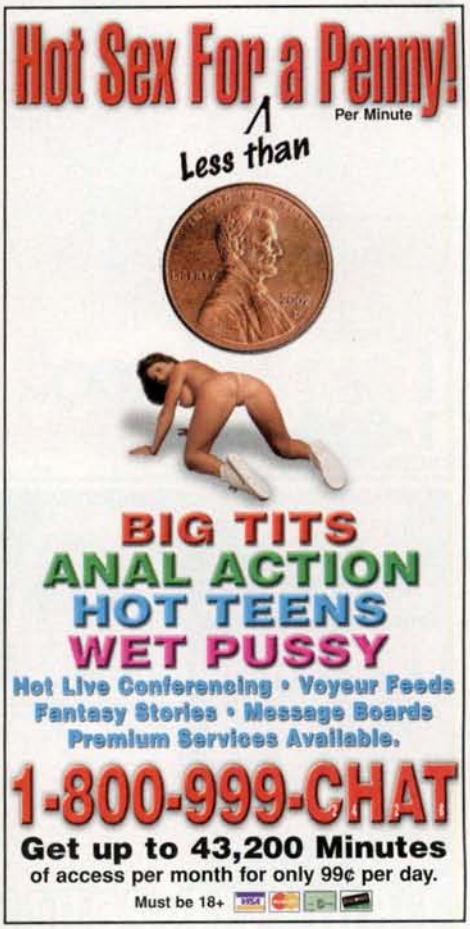

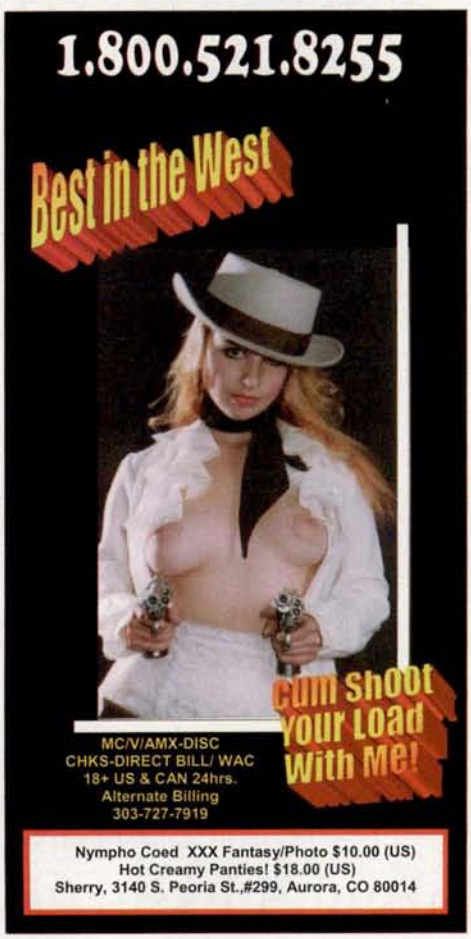

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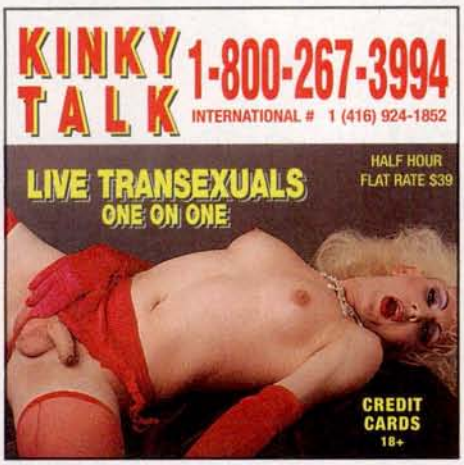
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Rent-a-Set Pornmaking

An Amateur Slut Shoots Her Fuckfest Like a Pro

by Ann Miller

Illustration by Steve Nazar

On a commercial street in Beverly Hills, a square, unassuming office building houses Live Acts Video. In front of the building, deep-pocketed senior citizens stroll the sidewalk on their way to buy high-end furniture and Armani housewares. Inside the structure, deep-pocketed sex maniacs rent porn sets and star in their very own hard-core fuck flicks.

The establishment is a maze of lavish and highly detailed sound stages—barn, dungeon, doctor's office and "gothic bedroom"—each outfitted with a complex system of remote-controlled cameras and cleverly hidden microphones.

The "make your own porn" company is the brainchild of entrepreneur Frank Keshishian. "I always wanted to be in the adult-entertainment industry," says Frank dreamily. "So I brainstormed, and this is what I came up with."

The return on Frank's investment comes from rentals of the rooms for various photoshoots and video productions, and via the hard-earned pay of horny folk willing to fork over a hefty sum (prices range from $475 to $825 a session) to play adult-movie star for a day.

Clients—who range from stuck-in-the-rut marrieds to run-of-the-mill pervs—can choose from a variety of porn packages, depending on the level of exhibitionism they want to explore. If desired, a professional videographer will linger in the room and capture the sex antics live. For deviants who'd rather not have some stranger shoving a camera up their asses, an employee can capture the sleazy action and cut the footage live from a well-equipped editing bay. A third option allows participants to direct their own blue-screen epics using a system of push-button, remote-controlled cameras and an in-room monitor.

In the interest of consumer reportage, HUSTLER sent a sex-crazed correspondent to test-drive the rent-a-porn-set facility.

* * *

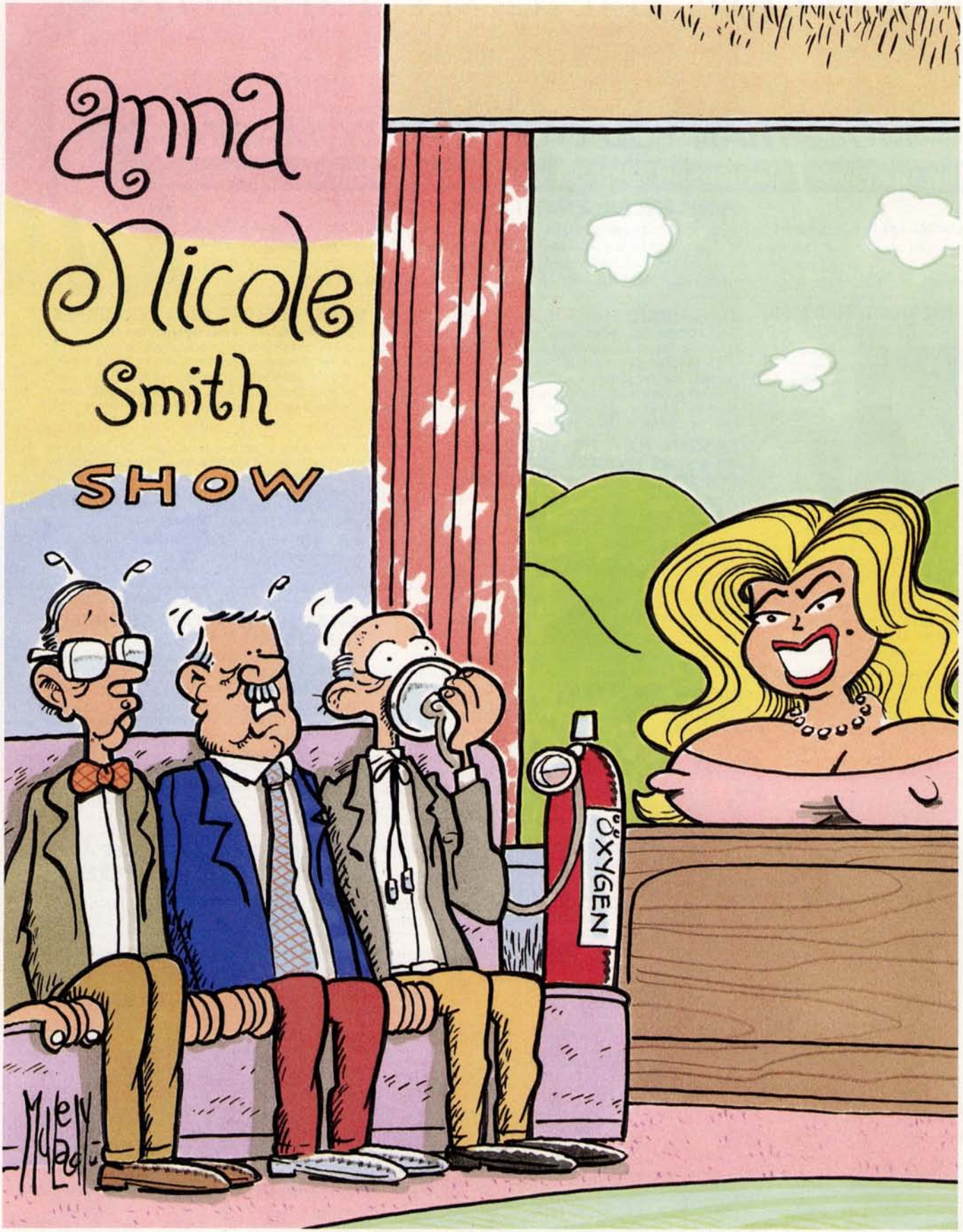
Before I can make my pornographic acting and directing debut, I need to cast my XXX masterpiece. Masturbating alone in a Beverly Hills office building somehow seems pathetic. After compiling a mental list of potential scenemates, I take a deep breath, call a guy I've been seeing for a couple of weeks and ask if he "maybe wants to make a porn with me, and then, you know, I'll write all about it for an internationally distributed men's mag."

Karl Hunger (obviously not his real name) agrees to be my co-star. He's dark and lean, and he has this wild look in his eyes that makes me want to climb on top of him and screw him raw. The truth is, Karl and I don't know each other that well, but we do know that we like to fuck each other.

So here we are, on a sunny afternoon in Beverly Hills, following Live Acts Video founder Frank Keshishian as he gives us a tour of his pride and joy. He asks if we want to record ourselves balling in the barn, which smells of fresh-mown hay and oiled leather. There's an old saddle in the corner we can make good use of, and a hayloft where we can hide if Daddy comes looking for us with his shotgun. Maybe we'd prefer the doctor's office and a gloved-hand examination on the medical table. Or perhaps the dungeon, which is cool and dark and equipped with a customized leather swing.

In the end, the gothic bedroom—with its red-velvet decor and carved-wood ceiling—wins. Not only does the set make me feel like a princess, the bedroom is the most traditional choice and, since making porn videos is not something Karl and I normally do, we decide on a somewhat recognizable environment. Call me old-fashioned, but I like to copulate on a bed.

We opt to film the sex scene ourselves, and Frank shows us how to use the "state-of-the-art, robotic, autotrack camera system." The video cameras are scattered throughout the room at various angles. When we push the button, an infrared laser beam tracks our position, and the camera zooms in close and fast.



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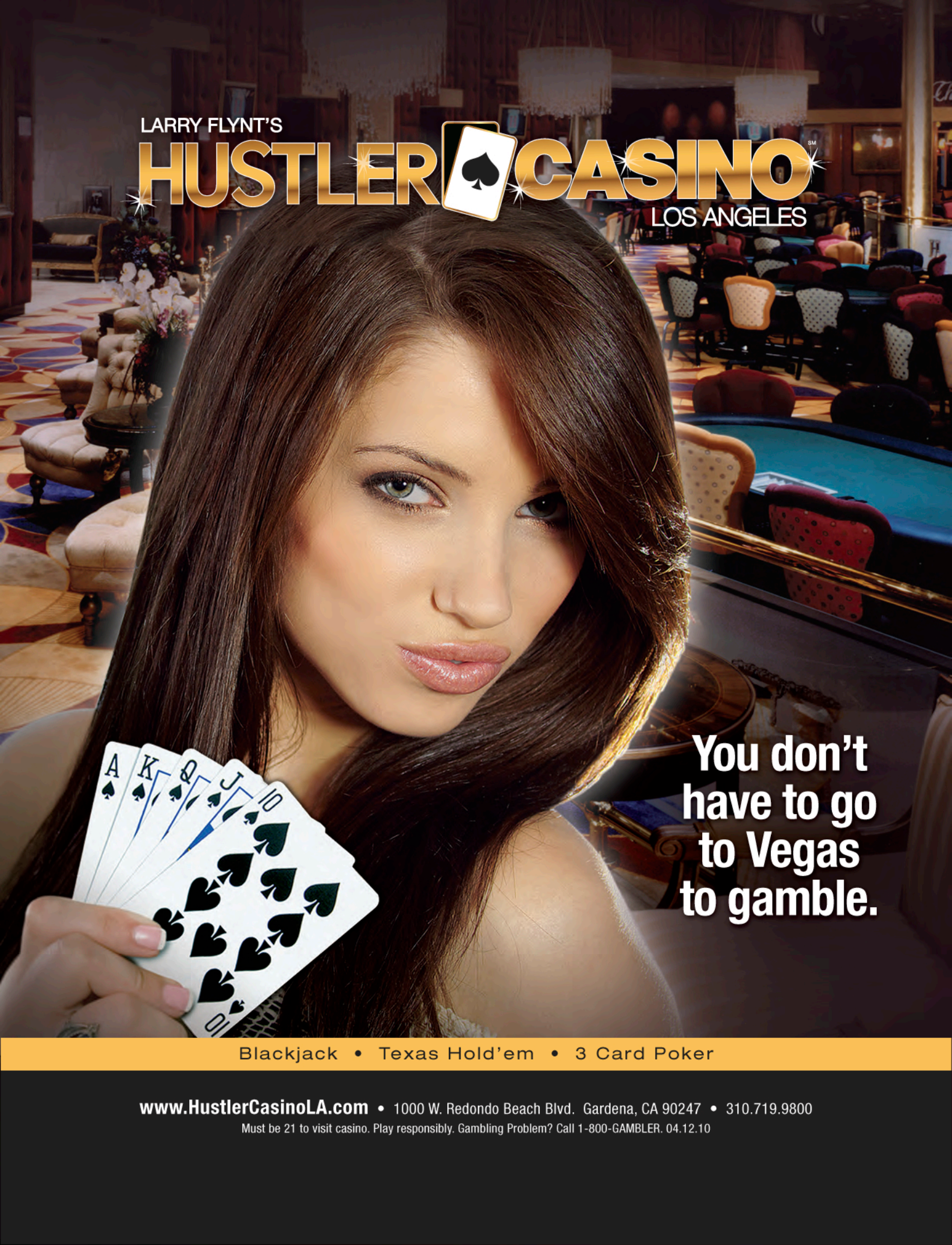
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Since every good porn flick needs an extremely thin plot, Karl and I come up with a vague storyline in which we are filthy-rich glam rockers circa 1973, and we've just come off a world tour. We're in our giant Tudor in the heart of Wales, and we're swimming in money, adoration and fame. For props, we brought red wine, champagne and some good northern Californian green.

I go to the dressing room and put on a red Chinese brocade corset, a red-silk garter belt clipped to black silk stockings and gorgeous red shoes with fuck-me heels. I stand in front of the mirror and stare at myself. *I have a Goddamn beautiful body*, I think as I stroke the curve of my neck. I have a nice ass, long legs, a flat, tight stomach and perky little tits that the corset pushes up and out so that, for the first time in my life, I have something resembling cleavage.

Turned-on and nervous, I think about Karl back on the set and his sweet, smooth chest. My pussy is wet. I yell to my co-star through the door to close his eyes before I enter.

With the cameras running, I walk in, light up a joint, pour a glass of wine, grab Karl by the shoulders and let my long velvet robe fall open. I see my image in the monitor, which glows in one corner of the room. I look good. Karl looks good. I move my hands down to the hollow just below Karl's hips, stare him in the eye and purr, "Fuck me now, and fuck me hard."

I don't need to ask twice. Karl picks me up, throws me on the customized, hand-carved mahogany bed and spreads me wide. He leans in and presses his thick, long hard-on inside me. His prick feels great. I glance up at the monitor and see his ass pumping. I grab the remote and change the angle. The camera zooms in on our crotches, presenting a gritty, hard-core shot of Karl's soaked, red cock and my swollen labia. The scene is so hot that I can barely stand it.

We're superstars, I think as we make love to the camera. I never wanted to be a porn actress, but now I can see the allure. We look sexy up there, fucking on the TV screen, me in my corset and Karl pounding away at my honeypot. When he unloads his nuts, I can feel his shaft throb and swell. There's no money shot, because he keeps his dick inside my cunt as he shoots his sperm deep into my womb.

Karl pulls out fast, face-dives into my muff and goes to work with his mouth. I zoom the camera closer. My fuck buddy smiles and licks my pussy, drinking up my wet snatch as if he's desert-heat dry and hasn't seen water for days. Every once in a while, Karl comes up for air. He looks at me and says, "You like that? You like the way I suck you off?"

"Yes, yes. I love the way you suck me off," I scream. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" I moan and make little noises that I might not normally make, but this is for the Oscar, baby, and I have to give it my all.

My clit quivers and shakes, but I can't reach orgasm. Every time I'm about to let go, a little voice in my head reminds me, *There's a camera over there*, and no matter how good Karl's tongue feels in my twat, I can't come. Karl gives it the old college try and more, but to no avail.

The rookie XXX woodsman doesn't give up easily. He bends me over the side of the ottoman and takes me from behind. For a minute, I forget about the camera. Then I glance up at the monitor and realize that we're not in the shot. I push a button that's built into the ottoman, and the camera zooms in on my ass and Karl's cock. Karl continues to pork me doggy-style for a while before I sit him down and climb onto his engorged schlong.

After Karl shoots his second load, we sit on the bed, talk, smoke the rest of the weed and drink the last of the wine. Karl tries halfheartedly to make me come, but my snatch refuses to cooperate. I like the camera. I like the performance. I am an unabashed exhibitionist, but something inside me won't let me climax on video.

Exhausted, drunk and glassy-eyed, we wander onto the street. It's night now, and everything is quiet. I clutch the tape that, according to the company's written guarantee, is the only copy in existence.

"I have to tell you," Karl says, "I was nervous. I was hoping you would cancel, but I'm glad we did this."

I'm glad too. After I drop Karl off, I go home, turn on the TV and watch the tape. Frank told us to keep the lights on so the video would look sharp, but we ignored him. The candle-lit footage is a bit grainy and dark, but clear enough for me.

I watch Karl ramming me on the wood-framed bed, and I can hear our sounds of fucking. In the darkness of my shitty studio apartment, my hand creeps down into my panties. My fingers search out my clit and, as I view the tape, I stroke myself, faster and faster. Just as Karl comes for the first time onscreen, I have an orgasm in my living room, a wave of electricity pulsing through me. On the videotape, the camera zooms in, and Karl sighs with pleasure. Alone, in the darkness of my home, in the glow of the television, watching my very own porn flick, I sigh too.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **JAY ALLAN**

MONICA

MINI MEOW

"These mini cars are all the rage now, huh?" Monica asks, summing up the vintage Cobra. ***"Cars are a lot like men. Sometimes the most gorgeous models ride like shit, and sometimes the not-so-pretty ones pull through in the clutch."*** ***She rolls up her top, pressing her luscious tits into the window and hood. Grinning devilishly,*** *the car lover drops her pants and rubs her ass on the driver's seat, jamming her middle finger into her pussy.* ***Dripping with satisfaction, Monica makes a last assessment. "I just wish there was room for two...or more."***

Monica brakes for sex in ***BARELY LEGAL #10*** *VHS and DVD from* ***HUSTLER Video****. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.*

Coming Next Month in HUSTLER

Nude Beginnings

HUSTLER resolves to pack more pink into every issue, starting with January's banquet of sultry snatch. When their car runs out of gas, two dykes discover that hot piss is enough fuel for a ride they'll never forget. Sweltering heat makes a chocolate-skinned goddess chug a pint of crotch cream to cool down. A cigarette-puffing brunette strips down to her garters to give tobacco protesters—and herself—the finger. A wealthy slut feels destitute without dick, and a cleanly blonde tries out her filthy bath toys in the shower. The girls of HUSTLER's January issue are sure to get 2003 off to a great start.

Porn Stud 101

Countless spank-obsessed goons imagine that the life of a typical hardcore swordsman is a paid vacation through a sea of gorgeous, cock-craving starlets. Falsely equating their ability to whack off to a video with blue-screen credentials, many aspiring cock-slingers come knocking on the door of the adult industry. In a dream-crushing HUSTLER feature, reporter Stephen Johnson speaks with people who work on both sides of the XXX lens to find out what it takes be a porn queen's co-star and why the average Joe Jerkoff doesn't have a snowball's chance in hell of making it in the jizz biz.

Battles in the Sand

While fending off the stifling monotony of base life, the U.S. infantry stationed in Afghanistan contend with the notion that foot soldiers are becoming obsolete in modern warfare. Ground troops complain that this is a "spook war" where grunts are kept around only to mop up after the covert missions of special-forces operations. In an exclusive report filed from the front lines, HUSTLER war correspondent David Buchbinder examines how the old-fashioned G.I. fits into a conflict that is fought by special ops, robots and unmanned spy planes.

Year-round Raunch

Terrorism is hit where it hurts when the special forces of *Bits & Pieces* track a crazed suicide boner. *Erotic Entertainment* rings in the cooze by rating the year's first batch of fresh smut. Carnal priestess Jeanna Fine advises her flock to splay in *Dear Slut*. Local nudists resolutely demonstrate their beliefs in *Beaver Hunt*. A new age of pussy lies between the covers of January's HUSTLER—open it up and bask in the glow.

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